

# Maclean's

DECEMBER 25, 1978

75¢

## Shopping for Simpsons



Bay President Don McGiverin



# Maclean's



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[illegible]



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# Annual harvest

If anyone had told Robert Nielsen five years ago that his *Canadian Children's Annual* was destined to become a runaway best-seller, he'd have asked for a letter of recommendation to his bank manager. It's not that he wasn't perfectly confident about his new venture, it's just that no one else—and especially the people with the money—seemed to share his wide-eyed enthusiasm. The kids' annual market was, after all, traditionally served each Christmascene



Nielsen (above) and *Playfoot* Flanagan drew a story to his latest *Canadian Children's Annual*, a grassroots culture

by the well-established volume from Britain—*Boy's Own* (which dates from 1879, God's Own, *Callous*).

Nevertheless Nielsen took the plunge, quit his job as head of the English department at a Hamilton, Ontario, private school, arranged together \$30,000 and devoted himself to the now-run publishing company he started in his basement, *Playfoot* Publications. The gamble has paid off: this year's fifth edition of the *Canadian Children's Annual* is expected to sell at least 60,000 copies, bringing total sales of the five books to just short of a quarter of a million.

"I knew I would succeed, I never doubted it for a moment," says the 41-year-old Nielsen, himself a father of three. While not yet laughing all the way to the bank, he's at least laughing

up his sleeve. "What's good about Canadian publishing is that the big guys haven't let me get away with this. Nielsen's even competing and, you know, I think that's kind of dumb."

His annual has blossomed from a black-and-white, soft-cover edition for 1975 to 1979's kaleidoscopic collection of short stories, articles, reviews, and games. Cover illustrations have been provided by well-known Canadian painters including William Kurelek, Ken Danby, skating star Bette Crutten and, this year, Jeremy Smith. But the content has more for the most part from a small army of all but unknown Canadian writers and artists.

Nielsen's annual has an outrageous, folio quality about it which seems to appeal to the nose- to 16-year-old set, especially when compared to the staid British versions. Its success shows there's a market for light, accessible Canadian culture for kids. The books contain imaginative, informative articles on everything from the history of British Columbia to how your tongue works. Though some reviewers have faulted them for what they see as a dearth of literary value, it is the pop nature of the annuals that accounts for their success.

"The annual is basically an entertainment package," says Nielsen. "With its comics and puzzles it's meant to attract kids who normally don't pick up a book, as well as the avid readers." Judy Barck, owner of the Children's Book Store in Toronto, agrees. "Annuals are pieces of ephemera, never great literature." Barck long ago closed her shelves of the British annuals. "Some of them were of disgusting literary value. Nielsen's is actually quite pleasant. And they're selling like a bomb."

Now that he's no better terms with his back manager, Nielsen has moved out of his basement to a modest office and acquired business partner George Whyte, a former teaching colleague. Together they plan to expand *Podiatry's* line of titles covering everything from *The Canadian Goose Award* and perhaps attract more "name" authors as contributors. "It'd be nice, I guess, to get Farley Mowat or Pierre Berton to write something for the book," Nielsen muses. "But I'm happy with the way it is now; it gives a lot of little guys a chance."

Cheryl Huxton



## The man who loved the 'wrong' art

George Costakis was remembering the days when he worked at the Canadian embassy in Moscow and, on his own, collected modern Soviet paintings when people were using them to board up drab windows. "You know, it was like fishing in a lake and all around are meat stores. They can't understand why you are doing it," he says. "Then maybe some years later they taste fish and see, 'Oh, George's fish doesn't taste so bad after all.'"

George's fish, in fact, was caviar: the largest collection of modern Soviet art (from its flowering in the early 1900s to its demise in the late '80s) in the world. Costakis gradually assembled this treasure on a Canadian government salary of \$100 to \$100 a month during his 30 years as an administrative officer at Canada's embassy in Moscow.

For art lovers, a pilgrimage to his Moscow apartment became as important as a stop at Lenin's graves: the former Hermitage museum. There, on every inch of wall space and somewhere even on the ceiling, hung the riches of a collection that includes about 380 paintings in addition to drawings and sculptures, works by Chagall, Kandinsky and Rodchenko, and other lesser-



A Russian village painted from memory by Costakis, from collecting to creating.

known Soviet artists such as Ljochy Popova, Irina Klyun, and Vladimir Tatlin, who might never have received recognition in the West had it not been for Costakis. "I guess it's not for me to say

it, but I have played a role in keeping these works alive," gushes Costakis, a bear of a man whose reflections gleam from liberally waxed over in the oldest Moscow writers' knowledge that the Russian people will soon get a chance to view some of the missing links in their cultural past for the first time. The government has assured him his collection will go on public exhibition in Moscow in 1979. "I always said I would leave the collection to the Soviet people," says Costakis who denies that his departure from Russia was facilitated by relinquishing the bulk of his collection. "It is my heritage, and I am proud and happy, you must believe me, that I could do this."

The collection was also more than a private individual could maintain. Costakis was repeatedly burglarized. "It was like having barrels of gold in the storeroom, with only a tiny lock." Acting as a gallery director was also taking its toll. "It was springing too much—one day the students, the next day celebrities," he sighs, remembering the days when he gave individual tours for the likes of Teddy Kennedy and David Rockefeller. "We were getting just exhausted, my wife and I." This probably had something to do with Costakis' exuberant hospitality, treating visitors to a glass of wine and serving them on the gallop while his wife sang Russian ballads.

The 62-year-old Costakis began his collection in the early 1930s with traditional European paintings, many left

behind by hastily departing aristocrats after the 1917 revolution. But, as he recalls, "I accidentally found two or three avant-garde paintings. To me they were dynamic and colorful. I put them with my other paintings and it was as if I had been living in a dark room and suddenly the sun came in."

Of course, at the height of the Stalin era, color and dynamism were hardly in demand. Working like a detective, Costakis tracked his abstractivist counterparts to their unlikely hiding places. He found a Klyun under an afkash on a kitchen table and located a Popova, painted on plywood, boarding up a garage window. He was paying \$700 to \$1,000 for pictures that in today's market could command 100 times that price. Now Costakis may have to part with some paintings to supplement his Canadian foreign service pension. "The if I sell," he laments, "I have money but no picture."

Recently, Costakis uncovered another new talent—himself. "In the night, much time living Moscow, he has spent covered his apartment walls with paintings, but this time the apartment is in Rome and the paintings are his own. "I was reading all the time and playing the guitar and I thought I needed something in between as I began to paint," he explains.

Costakis uses the vibrant colors that drew him to the abstractists, but his paintings are a representational partner. "These are not avant-garde," he says of his vivid flowers, "but they are good."

Costakis' most appealing works are the landscapes painted from memory of the Russian countryside. "Here, here is my home," he says, still using the present tense as he takes a stroller dinner of a painting of the village where his weekend dacha was located. He is gleamed by the reception he and his family have received in the West, but admits, "In my heart, I am a Moscovite." Orthodox Costakis, "I don't talk about politics, but the way, the end, the people, you cannot replace." And it is the legend of mother Russia, that he captures in his landscapes—the fields, churches, and farmhouses that reflect a culture older than communism and pillthurs.

Although his surroundings have changed radically in the last year, Costakis will change to a ritual from his Moscow days. "Sometimes after I would go to bed I would cover one end of the light for one last peek at the pictures. Now I still do, but when I turn on the light," he says, glowing himself in the telling of it, "the pictures, they are all my own."

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Costakis and a glimpse of his Moscow collection: a passionate collection of art.



## Chopping by the woods on a snowy evening

Getting the tree to fit into the kitchen stands is like putting a gorilla on the family dog, and everybody argues about which way the top tilts, and exactly how to correct it; guy wires, tin-plated extension cords, buried-out leads, peekled hands and pipe-climbers along with missing wings are all part of the Christmas tree ritual. But, decorated

and lit, it is a room it looks like all good memories made tangible, as people continue to tug down to corner lots, where armies of evergreens lean on each other waiting for inspection. And this Christmas, several thousand households—in Boston or Atlanta, Montreal or Fredericton—have trees that came from Stanley, New Brunswick,

### Produce of his tree farm on Timmermans

a village (population, 450) with more than 300,000 evergreens under cultivation, in plantations and "wild" stands. "They talk about potatoes being the big crop in New Brunswick," says David Timmer, a former employee of the New Brunswick department of agriculture, who has several Stanley plantations of 70,000 lush balsam firs under way, "but I can see the day when Christmas trees will be a better business than potatoes." A former dairyman and hog-growing centre 36 miles north of Fredericton, Stanley switched from agriculture to Christmas tree cultivation about 16 years ago. The returns are still modest—between \$25,000 and \$30,000 for the 5,000 to 6,000 trees being sold this Christmas—but the future is star-bright with promise. "This year sales will return about \$1 million to New Brunswick, but within a decade that figure could easily be \$5 million or more, according to Les Lapere of the province's Christmas Tree Council Association. The well drained soil and moist climate are perfect for growing balsam fir, a traditional Christmas tree, and demand from the U.S. eastern seaboard, with its less favorable conditions, is insatiable. "We could have sold five times the number we sold this year," says Timmer.

The 20 Stanley area growers belong to the Stanbush Christmas Tree Co-operative, which bundles the sales. Wholesale buyers paid up to \$7.99 for an eight- to 14-foot fir which would later retail at standard nurseries for at least twice the cost.

These rates make the business sound like the surest thing to growing money trees. But there are risks. Last year, for example, Timmer sold just 30 trees, because his plantations and others were hit by a pecky critter called the balsam twig aphid. The notorious spruce budworm is also a problem because, contrary to its name, the budworm prefers balsam to spruce any day.

Growing Christmas trees, 1970s-style is, of course, not like a Carrier and Ives tableau, it's a business in which the goal is to mass-produce trees with the proper pyramidal shape. Right now, some overgrown entrepreneurs are undoubtedly working on a live tree that won't shed its needles, and can be folded up neatly for the garbage on Jan. 2. In the meantime, Stanley, N.B., is doing just fine feeding neat rows of snow-covered fir, ready for—are you ready?—next year's Christmas rush.

David Folster/Marcel Jukow

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## Slow mail is better than no mail at all

As the post office twists itself into its annual knot during the Christmas rush, surrounded by a traditional seasonal chorus of ailing talk, Canadians can at least take vicious cheer from our thought: the Italians have got it a lot worse. Though it may seem as if the newest, high-speed postal sorting equipment, now operating across Canada, was designed more to mangle the mail than send it on its proper course, it's at least fair to assume there is no last-dollar policy to destroy the post. Not so in Italy. The situation is now in such tenuous chaos that periodically that country's postal authorities track the overflow out of the system's overwhelmed warehouses and burn the lot. "Nobody in Italy sends anything important in the mail these days, anyway," sighs a post office official watching several thousand unopened envelopes curl in the flames. "There's nothing in that blast except silly love letters and advertising."

While the postal chaos in hard on lovers, it's an uncomfortable nuisance for Italy's burgeoning kidnap industry. That because clear several years ago when the teen-aged grandson of billionaire J. Paul Getty was grabbed in Rome. When ransom negotiations began to drag, the kidnapers cruelly sliced off young J. Paul's ear and mailed the grisly piece of flesh across Rome to a

newspaper to convince the family of their serious intentions. It took almost two weeks to arrive.

Now kidnapers, along with other Italian businessmen, have been driven to alternate methods of delivery. Private courier services are flourishing, but the Red Brigades' guerrilla outfit devised its own system when it executed former premier Aldo Moro last March. The terrorists, realizing that the antiquated Italian made were too inefficient for their criminal needs, enlisted Moro's friends and relatives to tell them precisely where they could find more than 28 pieces of mail from the victim in a telephone booth, under a garbage can, behind a billboard, etc.

The Italian post office's biggest problem is manpower, or more precisely, lack of it. In a country where more than two million people are unemployed, there just aren't enough mail sorters to keep the letters moving. On top of that, the average of staff out reporting for work on any given day is more than 30 per cent, rising to about 50 per cent during the pleasant summer months and



Kidnap and mail stolen: J. Paul Getty and letters from Moro; post without haste

days adjoining weekends and holidays.

Italians who put their faith in modernization have been dutifully putting up codes on all their letters for almost 15 years. Unfortunately, amid the chaos and labor disputes that have crippled the system, the modern sorting machines designed to read the codes have never been needed from the packing cases in which they arrived from the manufacturer, more than a decade ago.

Arthur F. Gosselin Jr.

## Well, they always said money talks

Today's luncheon menu, steak à la Louis (steak and onion Fond) (cheerlead) at the salad bar... not Ford again, we had Ford twice last week? Why is it

luncheon U.S. president coming to lunch in Calgary in the middle of winter? Because a five-figure sum will bring top executives on the lecture circuit to any corner of the world that can pay the price. Calgary was over the usual year 10 local business people will up Glimcher Investments to import the luncheon speakers, and in November, 600

Calgarians paid \$25 each for lunch and a chance to hear former Reagan adviser John G. Ehrlichman talk about free use and abuse of power.

Last week, former Israeli foreign minister Abba Eban came to town to discuss peace in the Middle East. Ford is scheduled for Jan. 3. (Tickets for the Ford lunch will be more expensive. Ehrlichman was, relatively speaking, a bargain.) Presumably, any high-school student could tell what the selling could import Ford for. It went simple, says Daniel Gurn, general manager of Glimcher Investments. "We studied him he studied us... it was a straightforward business agreement. And after all, the high-rating Calgary business community probably has more drive, guts and executive guts than it needs. It was here inescapable to attend-dinner presidents and pomp-dish diplomats. Negotiations are under way for future speakers ranging from a hot air balloon to Henry Kissinger.

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# CFRB-1010

THE PEOPLE PEOPLE LISTEN TO









# A case of returning to the scene of the crime

Microphones were thrust demanding answers from the bewildered four-year-old clutching a stuffed toy as her tiny feet took their first steps on Canadian soil. It was as though the little girl, shielded from the fearful pack of reporters by her maternal grandparents and a tiny wedge of secret officers, could herself reveal the final pages of a story beaming in newspaper news the day, eight years before, when the parents of the so-called unborn child fired into exile rather than face charges of kidnapping a British diplomat. Now, as Marie-Angèle and her brother Alexis, 6, were escorted to a secret family refuge—ironically, to protect them against alleged threats of kidnapping—their mother and father were being led to jail. Jean and Louise Cossette-Troude had decided to submit to Canadian justice and, perhaps, help the country decide whether the October Crisis of 1970 was in fact a threat to the state or, as many now suspect, a tragic accumulation of criminal acts by naive political radicals, conspirators by police incompetence, media hysteria, political panic and the desire to reinforce governmental power with an untested show of military might.

For political leaders both in Quebec City and Ottawa, the return of the couple from exile in Cuba and later France is as important as the flicking flame from the front of Lalonde's Quebec (PQ) dropped into Montreal's molten before violence cracked its transatlantic dikes with the abduction of British Trade Commissioner James Richardson Cross and the strangling of Quebec Labor Minister Pierre Laporte. Premier René Lévesque clearly feared appearing sympathetic to such



The Cossette-Troudes, with Marie-Angèle, 4, and Alexis, 6, "isolated" on the top deck, except for cameramen, of course

politically motivated crimes and, demonstrating a remarkable ignorance of judicial practice as well as a lack of

respect for the autonomy of the courts, suggested the accused pair should not be granted bail because of the gravity of the charges against them. In fact, bail is routinely granted whenever judges have no reason to fear further criminal acts or flight by the accused (Judge

Yves Mayrand was to decide on bail early this week.) But the Quebec premier's concerns go beyond the charges of conspiracy to kidnap, kidnapping, forcible detention and attempted extortion against the Quebec government. Lévesque did not kill his hope that the return of the home sick family would remind Quebec voters, as they consider the coming constitutional referendum, of the federal government's "psychological detailed outline of Quebec."

In official Ottawa there is deep concern that the Cossette-Troude trial will be an occasion for the PQ to make the federal government over the coals for its handling of the Quebec Crisis. Prime Minister Trudeau refused comment on the actual case, but last week he said, "There are no hidden facts upon which we made our decision to prosecute the War Measures Act. It was the knowledge of impending panic and confusion by Quebec officials and advice by various police corps. You have to go back to the atmosphere that was in Montreal and other parts of Quebec in those days to realize that nobody knew the extent of the danger."

Trudeau's tacit admission that the true magnitude of the riot threat was far less than political leaders claimed in 1970 is not likely to satisfy the Lévesque government which, since March, 1977, has accumulated a 1,400-page file on the crisis and had been planning a full public inquiry until the Supreme Court of Canada ruled last October that the provincial right to subpoena federal officials or documents. But now, if the case goes to trial as expected this winter and Quebec prosecutors permit defense lawyers to fish for facts beyond the strict limits of the charges, the proceedings against the Cossette-Troudes could become the wide-ranging inquiry Ottawa hoped to avoid.

Lévesque interpreted as much when he said, "Unfortunately, there are things which will come out in court." Here the revival of national negotiations here in October, 1970, will affect the already taut relations between English and French Canada in as yet unpredictable. While Quebec itself, there remains a willingness of sympathy for convicted PQ members—last summer 65,000 persons signed a petition demanding parole for Paul Rose, convicted murderer of Laporte—and harsh criticism by the court would make political martyrs of the Cossette-Troudes. It is more likely, however, that most Quebecers like most English Canadians, simply want to see the unfinished business of October, 1970, disposed of by the courts and the historic and political tragedy closed once and for all to the legislative books.

David Thomas

## Toronto

### Banking on real progress

Consent made the gold towers of the Royal Bank Plaza, 40 floors above Toronto's financial district, ministers of justice and intergovernmental affairs from Ottawa and the provinces spent three days last week trying once again to reach agreement on a new constitution. The meeting, which took place in the bank's huge, sub-paused board-



Lalonde's secretary 40 floors up

room, was closed to the press. But underneath the cloak of official secrecy, there were surprising signs of real progress in the constitutional debate. Comments from Justice Minister Marc Lalonde afterward: "There are areas where, quite clearly, there is a large consensus."

The Toronto talks focused on the full constitutional conference, at which Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and the premiers faced to reach any agreement and show the subject to their ministers to resolve. For the first day and a half in Toronto, the ministers and their entourage fared little better. But the ministers then adjourned for a three-hour lunch without their aides and put the talks back on course. Among disputed areas where some consensus is forming

are: Ottawa has agreed to clarify the present constitutional language so that it is plain the provinces own all natural resources, while the federal government retains control over interprovincial trade so that no one province may build the others up for reasons. Most provinces are willing to accept Ottawa's proposal but off-risks Alberta is holding.

Second, British Columbia's proposal for a provincially appointed Senate has attracted Ottawa's support. Most of the other provinces are indifferent, except Alberta, which fears a reformed Senate would diminish the role of provincial governments. The meeting, which took place in the bank's huge, sub-paused board-

room, was closed to the press. But underneath the cloak of official secrecy, there were surprising signs of real progress in the constitutional debate. Comments from Justice Minister Marc Lalonde afterward: "There are areas where, quite clearly, there is a large consensus."

Third, the provinces agreed to accept a new formula for the distribution of federal funds. The provinces agreed to accept a new formula for the distribution of federal funds. The provinces agreed to accept a new formula for the distribution of federal funds. The provinces agreed to accept a new formula for the distribution of federal funds.

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## A curtain speech will have to wait

**A**s an act performed under intense pressure, it had not yet and grace. Pierre Trudeau was back at home, visited from his trip to Europe, and at a press conference last week he naturally faced the swirl of rumors that his plans to resign had all. Trudeau made clear: "I am not only desiring to remain, but I am desiring to remain with confidence."

Trudeau lived in a splendid performance as he often does with his back to the wall. He belatedly reported about speculative stories he broke into series of unexploited treatment and he addressed himself for the first time directly to John Turner, the Liberal who he pole say is more popular than Trudeau. "Mr. Turner," he asked of the soundings "do I think know I am?" Perhaps that is the reason. Paraphrasing the words of Plato, Trudeau added: "The reason you get into politics is because you don't want to be governed by people who are less good than yourself."

Sparring a jab in his lapel, Trudeau came on as a game duck in his party he could see no movement to give me the turn's rule. In the country, as he put it, "I don't think I have lost any of my legitimacy." Trudeau didn't try to concede, but he made obvious what his advisers probably assert—that he believes the needs are largely responsible for generating doubts about his future plans. It is true

that in recent weeks supporters of John Turner probably unknown to the man himself, have led assertions to trusted reporters that Trudeau's old friends, Jean Marchand and Gérard Pelletier have urged him to resign. Last week Trudeau denied those reports flatly.

He also dealt with an interview, circulated widely in the country by The Canadian Press after it had appeared in *Parade* magazine, in which Trudeau looked ahead to a quest into the country after retirement. The quotes at hand were recycled from a television broadcast in May 1977, at a time Trudeau noted, when he was high in the polls and "there was no mention of Mr. Turner."

Naturally Trudeau allowed he sometimes thinks about his future life. "I have children. I've still got a few years to live." But he went on: the 1980 election of the Paul Gaudinot allowed her insights. Gaudinot said: "the decision to leave politics might have been rather easy to come by."

Unless Trudeau utters a secret plan for a speedy exit as the next few months all signs point to his staying, despite the strong indications that his party will be re-elected. At this press conference Trudeau cast himself in the role of "a" as played by Sacha Guitry, the enigmatic anti-hero in Alan Bennett's 1967 film *Mr. Anderson*. "I can leave—but I never do," quoted Trudeau. "I'm not a gambler."

Robert Lewis

In fact Trudeau suggested, if not, I can leave, I will stay.

Trudeau back to home, no wish to be governed by people less good than himself.

According to Gaudinot, if I cannot recall what I have said, I am not responsible for it.



## Quebec

# Requiem for a leader's happier days

**T**he episode was messy and embarrassing, but, last week, Liberal leader Claude Ryan did persuade one of his reluctant back-benchers to quit the national assembly and give him an urgently needed chance to battle in the legislative chamber's television lightning. Though his stern, wooden gestures and apologetic stance are hardly his most attractive assets, Ryan went to greater exposure to the cameras and proved his political mettle if he is to redeem his reputation as Federation's hawk in Quebec. Since his election to the Liberal leadership last April, he has accumulated a battery of strategic errors, verbal gaffes and a list of political enemies among those who, by rights, should be his allies. It is too early to dismiss Ryan as a failure—but most formidable quality is dropped persistence—but more and more Liberals are wondering whether they chose the wrong man to lead them back to power.

Ryan has tirelessly recruited new members, amassed \$2 million in donations and worked hard at preparing a constitutional update of his own to counter the Parti Québécois' sovereignty association scheme. That was not enough, however, to prevent his popularity from slipping dramatically behind that of René Lévesque, according to opinion surveys that also show the bulk of his support is in among francophones. His best showing as a fund-raiser was, significantly, in the anglophone enclave of Westmount.

Never rated for personal warmth, Ryan's disconcerting treatment of others has been magnified by his passage from newspaper publisher to politician. From the start, he alienated his party's 26 survivors of the Parti Québécois wave of 1976 and, by the time he decided



that he needed a seat in the national assembly, there was not a single caucus member willing to make way for him by resigning. Ryan heavily criticized several had offered to quit but instead of resignations his caucus members issued vigorous denials they had any intention of leaving. The embarrassment culminated with Ryan's office leaking that back-bencher Zolt Szudon had agreed to retire, only to have the country doctor publicly withdraw the promise because Ryan had broken his vow to let the surgical lamb make the resignation himself. Meanwhile for Ryan, Szudon's resignation, opening his Anglonted riding northwest of Montreal where, with a third of the population English-speaking, the Liberal leader is virtually guaranteed a seat. What, then, is Lévesque decides to call the by-election—a decision the premier wryly seemed was not likely before several months.

Obviously, Ryan's imminent arrival in the national assembly suddenly caused several of his caucus members to consider giving up the seats to which they so treacherously clung only days before. First to go must be defeated leadership rival Raymond Gauthier, systematically snubbed by the victor and, most recently, baited by Ryan's marked absence in some moments at the funeral of Gauthier's mother. At least two others are expected to follow, a prospect Ryan might welcome as a chance to open the

way for candidates with the combat, albeit upon the Liberal leader favors among his close associates. His presence

Protest and defeated rival Gauthier: one missed funeral could lead to another



pai occident in caucus, former social affairs minister Claude Parizeau, discusses the grumblings of his colleagues as irrelevant. "The mood of the back-benchers—who cares?" The back-benchers themselves certainly care. Their anger is as hot as not personal relations with Ryan than in new doubts over Liberal prospects for electoral victory. Complaints are: "Ryan refuses to take on Lévesque and seems to think he is above politics."

Ryan's evident vindictiveness and claims to religious intolerance have offended many voters, including nonunion which together are the mainstay of Liberal strength. At the party's first caucus meeting after Ryan's accession to the leadership, the respected Victor Goldblum, a paragon of the defeated Gauthier, stood to congratulate Ryan and appeal for party unity. Ryan did not even acknowledge the overture by Goldblum, one of the rare bridges between French Quebec and Montreal's anti-Jewish. Though most Jews are considered Liberal loyalists, and there is no suggestion that Ryan could in any way be considered anti-Semitic, some Jews have expressed concern that he has inherited occasional rivalry about Jewish-Gentile relationships in the province.

Anglophones generally were rattled by Ryan's refusal last spring to run in a bilingual by-election on the grounds that the riding was too heavily English-speaking and therefore "unrepresentative" of Quebec. Ryan's much emphasized attachment to Roman Catholicism

has been another alleged libel. Carleton and political associates never give an opportunity to ridicule his affirmation that "the hand of God" guided him to seek the Liberal leadership and a subsequent claim that all his important decisions are inspired "by the light of the Holy Spirit."

More mundane guidance is also being sought as Ryan considers a Liberal constitutional policy his necessary Claude Fournier. This across the country to consult with provincial governments on proposals such as giving all French and English Canadians a constitutional right to an education in their mother tongue. The constitutional option is to be made by next spring, in time for Quebec's referendum campaign, but Ryan is not consulting the federal government despite his plans for profound revision of federal institutions.

The Liberal leader himself may meet individually with all political opponents in an attempt to win English-Canadian support for his constitutional package before offering it to Quebecers. Such an agreement would be achieved as good that has alternative to both independence and continuing federalism is feasible. It is a strategy fraught with peril, many Quebecers would be surprised that a reformer supported by English Canada could be good for them. In any case, before political life in the rest of the country deal seriously with Ryan, the Liberal leader must convince them he might one day succeed Lévesque as premier. Based on Ryan's performance so far, they may be excused a prudent wait.

David Thomson

## While visions of reindeer danced in his head . . .

Considering his maps, shortly before Christmas, 1954, Al Williams is a surprise with the New Brunswick government. He was confronted with a dilemma of momentous proportions: how to designate a cluster of nine reindeer parks in the province's wilderness areas? There is a feeling he had his solution inspired by the season and by kindness and much carol had gathered a reindeer roundup and stream North Pole. Williams started one of the rounds for each of Santa's eight reindeer from Colesburg Maine. These the North Pole. Williams heard one leader he left over he decided a lead he (Noddy).

Ontario's Canadian Parliament Council for an Ojibwaish Native land rejected. Williams: "They thought it was too common." says Williams. But approved a suitable Mount St. Nicholas as well as

## British Columbia

### Flight 314's crash report is overdue

ON 1897 p.m. last Feb. 31, Cranbrook, B.C., airport snowplow operator Terry George plummeted into his own vehicle and spotted a two-engine Boeing 737 jet being driven on his. "Where the hell did he come from," George yelled into his radio microphone, and then watched as the Pacific Western Airlines flight 314 from Calgary climbed, dove to the left and, while Captain Glenn Miller screamed "We've got to cross-a-oak," pitched into the ground at the end of the runway. Forty-two people were killed instantly and another passenger died in hospital 33 days later (there were only six survivors).

Ten months later, Transport Canada—both a defendant in litigation and the investigator of the crash—still has not come up with a final report, despite promises it would be available as early as July. A preliminary report was sent out early this month and is now being studied by lawyers for companies involved and relatives of victims, but it could be revised yet again before being made public probably sometime in February. Most of the lawyers for the litigants are understandably annoyed.

During the May inquiry into the crash, Pacific Western lawyer Eric Lane called Transport Canada's role "a



Cranbrook police chief lawyer went Otto Lang looked on to a tight point

situation where the criminal is investigating the crime." Mike Morris, speaking for victims' families, said, "It's damned fair—they're more concerned with covering their asses than getting to the core of this thing."

Governor by Mike Morris called Transport Canada lawyers for "blatant information not foot-dragging" and at one point had to order them to present evidence that he said was vital. Transport lawyer Gerald Deegan told Andy he couldn't present the demanded radio transcript "until we've checked our legal position," and another transcript—officially stamped "certified"—turned out to be incomplete, inaccurate and, moreover, he said, totally untrue.

Marlene Torry (Michael Penzance), who makes an annual report of presenting a private member's bill upon establishment of an independent accident inquiry board, calls the Cranbrook crash investigation "stagnant," with the half information and partial truths that came out of that inquiry. There's a point beyond which frustration is not the word to describe my feelings," and the Canadian Bar Association has urged Transport Minister Otto Lang to set up an independent accident review board that would hold public hearings

and publish its conclusions. Toronto lawyer William McEwen, whose firm was involved in preparing the bar association petition, says, "What's so all-fired secret about the investigation of an air traffic accident? Where evidence is immune from cross-examination, it's an invitation to perjury."

During the inquiry, reporters were barred from listening to communications tapes because, according to one transport ministry official, "it's not the public's business—there are lawyers to be considered here." However, a court-ordered look at the Cranbrook airport radio station slowed the tape—including Mike's tragic scream—to be made public.

Transport ministry procedures came under heavy fire during the inquiry. Flight 314 was not controlled after it crossed the Rocky Mountain and lost altitude. There is no air controller at Cranbrook, and once a plane is out of radio contact with Calgary this pilot is totally on his own.

The inquiry concluded that communications problems were responsible for the accident, while Boeing has filed documents in California Superior Court claiming the crash was caused by pilot error. Boeing's Miller missed his radio control after crashing down on the runway and trying to take off again. Evidence also showed that if Miller had landed with instrument control—as was expected by the Cranbrook airport—he would have landed eight minutes later, the snowplow would have moved off the runway and he would not have had to abort the landing. Terry George testified that he had no reason to expect flight 314 for another eight minutes, and there was no communication to indicate the flight would be landing early.

Between January and September, Canada has had 280 aviation fatalities—all investigated by Transport Canada.

Don't LaRoque

## Alberta

### When money talks: the silent side of pacifism

MOST Canadians long ago forgot that income tax was introduced in 1913 as a temporary measure to finance the First World War. The country's pacifist historians have a longer memory.

The fundamentalist, fundamentalist, Christian farmers have neither forgotten the origins of income tax nor become reconciled, as they put it, to "apportion blame over our creator with bloody hands." As a result, a historic religious-values battle is moving through its 17th year, with millions of tax dollars hanging in the balance.

In the latest round of the legal marathon, the Federal Court of Canada last week rejected the appeal of about 30 Darwin-Island. Historic colonies against \$17 million in back corporate income tax. But the Hutterites are determined to carry their appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada because, if they lose, the 400-year-old Hutterite sect could be wiped out. As one leader says it, "The wider society has tried with every means at their disposal to dilute and snuff out of our way of life. It may be the income tax department that will finally do the trick." But the case has much wider implications than that; it could eventually involve the whole question of churches and taxes. The explosive problem of whether the Hutterites as a reli-

gious group should be taxed could lead to an appraisal of which other non-prosecuted church profits should be shared by the government.

The battle was pitted a 74-year-old Edmonton lawyer with 45 years' practice in civil and criminal law against the best talent Canada's department of justice can offer the department of justice. In 1974, the Hutterites, the most orthodox of these fundamentalist groups, each named for its founder, approached Jack Matheson to have him handle the incorporation of an accounting service used by the sect. That there led to Matheson's taking on the Hutterites' battle.

The origins of the dispute go back to the Hutterites' refusal, since their founding in the Middle Ages, to fight in anyone's army; a stance that drove them through half a dozen European countries and the U.S. before they came to rest in Canada. In 1918, Canada needed skilled farmers then and a deal was made: the government wouldn't interfere with the sect's non-military beliefs, including their pacifism, if the Hutterites would farm the Prairies and never become a burden to their adopted country. The Hutterites kept their end of the bargain—they still do not accept welfare, government allowances, pensions or unemployment insurance. But the government renege on its promise, as the Hutterites see it, when it started

Jerry and Paul Grom at Pincher Creek colony; to them, farming is a religion



## The day the post office reinvented the wheel

Christmas was the first country anywhere post office of the U.S. to hold all domestic mail delivery—meaning all first class mail went by air or at no extra charge. Now in a belated state in the name of progress, the post office has decided "all class" service in the Midwest and Pacific every year of mail from New States, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island to Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto just a week after Postmaster-General Gilles Lamontagne confirmed to parliamentary bodies and press that the P.O. had abandoned its much touted campaign to insure next-day delivery to some 30 cities, 100,000 miles in all. 48-hour delivery is the best they can do to get the mail from home-by-fuck. It is a limit, experienced during the Christmas rush to get 4 or 5 business mail—gift parcels, greeting cards and letters—can be moved faster than the old-fashioned way by plane. And if the postal people decide it's working, the factor will keep on rolling.

Meanwhile, Christmas, all weather, or whatever, our mail has been long in air parcels for weeks at a time so we're trying to get it out by truck to see if we can get there



coldest delivery, explains Nicolas Melon, New Brunswick and P.E.I. public affairs manager for the post office, to clients that as of last week more out of 10 first class letters and Christmas packages arrived within the past office delivery hour.

The mail is gathered in from smaller cities by air to central depots in Halifax and Montreal, then sorted and placed into huge 45 foot tractor trailers that haul it away

west along the Trans-Canada Highway. This is a trucker's nightmare. It's the Quebec border can switch his letter being viewed every 180 miles east to Montreal, then wait for it to come rolling back again 900 miles by truck in order to be delivered 400 miles further west in Montreal. Montreal says the truck system has emptied postal boxes 7,500 bags of mail in winter all leading to the post office's scrambling the wheel. **Sandra Szwarc**

collecting income taxes from the colonies in 1861. The two smaller Hutterite groups, the Schmied-Land and the Lander, eventually reached an agreement with the government that they would pay personal income tax but the Schmied-Land objected and began its battle to regain some \$1.6 million paid by the members of its colonies between 1950 and 1966. Likewise Melton says that even through the Federal Court, the Federal Court of Appeal and the Supreme Court of Canada, which ruled in 1976 that the tax money had been wrongfully obtained because the government was taxing individuals—who had no personal income—instead of the trustees of the colonies.

For the Hutterites, the victory was a Pyrrhic one. Ottawa promptly reversed its decision and assessed the colonies again as a higher corporate tax basis, which has upped the Schmied-Land's bill to \$27 million between 1967 and 1975. Last year, an eleven-hour Vancouver court order stopped the tax department from assessing the Hutterites but the province is to pay the bulk taxes and the case is now winding its way through the courts again. The Hutterites are arguing that they're exempt from corporate taxes because they're being incorporated as a church since 1951 and other churches

don't have to pay. Even if they were a common law corporation, Melton also argues, the government isn't allowing them to deduct the cost of the labor involved. For the Hutterites, themselves, the case in simpler Bishop John Watt, whose in 1968 when they were still Hutterites, was being held for U.S. mail, says fully that income tax is "our money." The 70-year-old father-in-law testified to the Federal Court that his group will never pay the "war" tax "even if they take our land and drive our children out into the snow." The government has long argued that the colony's profits come from farming, and farming itself is not a religion, but the black-haired, bearded Hutterites at the trial refused to separate the two, to the frustration of government lawyers. When Crown counsel Philip Kotchman, for instance, asked who controlled the expenditures of the group, Bishop Watt replied, "Jesus, the power of the Holy Spirit, is controlling the money."

The income tax case is seen by the Hutterites as one more example of the persecution that has plagued them throughout their centuries. Until 1973, legislative-represented Alberta Hutterites from being held without government approval, the making of that decision-old law stirred anti-Hutterite

fears that the sect would take over the province and there were members on the legislature, very religious and bitter against the government. The fears proved foolish—Hutterites control only about one per cent of the province's taxable land—but other farmers still concern, and few the sect, partly because of their frugal, communal lifestyle, efficient, modern, prosperous, expansionist agri-corporations. Therefore Hutterites and themselves divided on the one hand for their heavy-duty, traditional clothing, their German dialect and their strict needs, and on the other for their large-scale wholesale purchases of farming equipment (the Wilson colony alone boasts one combine, one of them twenty-one, top-of-the-line machine worth \$45,000 each). The Hutterites have grown accustomed to being split—officially on the street and long ago adopted a total turn-the-other cheek philosophy "We would be everyone to become" followers of Christ. Bishop Watt said the Federal Court, "Even our dear friend, Mr. Kotchman there," he added with a twinkle, nodding to the smiling federal prosecutor. But when the \$27-million tax bill is settled finally, the Hutterites will surely be divided on who or the other. **Suzanne Swanson**

World Movers

## China comes in from the cold

Foreign policy gaffe, historic breakthrough, diplomatic triumph—by any name, President Jimmy Carter's announcement last Friday shocked and impressed the world by finally playing his China card—by abandoning Taiwan and ending three decades of American entanglement from the most popular nation on earth. President Carter has significantly altered the balance of world power.

His dramatic and surprising move to establish full diplomatic ties with the People's Republic of China, aimed at halting Superpower expansion and teaching the process of formal friendship began by President Richard Nixon in 1972, was welcomed in many foreign capitals. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau called it an important contribution to international co-operation (Canada and China established diplomatic relations in 1970). The Kremlin reported the event without any immediate comment.

The plan is going forward with whirlwind speed. Full diplomatic relations go into effect January 1, Chinese Vice-Premier Tang Huan-chang will visit Washington at the end of next week and American diplomats will be exchanged March 1. Within four months the remaining U.S. military presence on Taiwan—about 750 troops—will be called home and the U.S. defense treaty with the People's Republic of China will be allowed to expire in 33 months.

The main question raised by the announcement was quite simple: Why now? The answer lies in a complex mixture of national and international events which came together last week to provide a stage that Carter and leaders in Peking felt compelled to act upon. In Peking, the Pithers are in a hurry to modernize the nation's backward economy by the year 2000, and in that need wants Western technology, know-how and protection.

But it was the recent build-up of Soviet troops on China's northern border and military pressure along the border with Vietnam that provided him in arms the White House to formalize relations at once. Peking's poorly equipped and badly trained army would be no match for the Soviets and Peking is worried that the USSR may invade. Diplomats ties with the United States might

defeat Moscow, they reason.

For Carter, the timing could bring mixed results. On the one hand he needed a startling international announcement to polish his image, tarnished by the deadlocked Middle East negotiations. On the other hand, the news will not please Moscow and could thus cause complications with the strategic arms limitation talks which the president plans to complete this week (see story overleaf). Conservative senators have reacted with fury, claiming that the White House has stabbed Tan-



Carter was it Christmas or was it China?

wan in the back.

The history behind Carter's announcement is marked by a bitterness that has gradually disappeared over the last few years as more leaders in Washington have come to see that the "useful idiots" of mainland China had to be accepted and acknowledged. When the Chinese Communist armies marched into Peking in 1949 and drove the Nationalist forces of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek to the offshore island of Taiwan, American conservatives tried to blame it all on the Truman administration, asking "Who lost China?" This vindictive witch-hunt prompted the United States to draw a line beyond which communism would not be permitted to advance. It excluded military cooperation for Chiang's remaining forces on Taiwan and along the Third Parallel in Korea, and for the Indochina colonial possessions of the French. That policy was greatly responsible for

American involvement in the Korean and the Vietnam wars.

It was President Nixon who finally, after building his entire political career on an implacable opposition to communism, ended China's isolation from the U.S. and its allies with his visit to Peking in 1972. "This is the week that changed the world," he declared in his return home. President Gerald Ford carried on with efforts to bring about complete recognition, but always the Taiwan problem prevented it. Peking refused to accept diplomatic recognition with Washington until the U.S. recognized Taiwan as an integral province and not an island province and not all ties with the island, but now they have softened that stand in three ways. They have agreed that the U.S.-Taiwan defense treaty will be allowed to run out over the next year rather than be abruptly cut off, that the U.S. may supply Taiwan with "limited defense weapons" in the future, and that the U.S. can continue cultural, trade and tourist relations with the Republic of China as a non-governmental level. It is significant, however, that Peking has refused to agree not to try to take over Taiwan by force. Privately, the Chinese leaders have assumed Carter that they will not do so in the near future and he believes that U.S. pressure will keep the island safe for a decade or so at least.

For the moment there is little worry, since Taiwan is too strong for China to conquer easily. It has a crack modern army and weapons, but as the years go by those are unlikely to be improved significantly. The U.S. States will not provide the Soviet Union with selling arms to Peking but it will not prevent its European allies from doing so. Already Britain and France plan to sell modern fighter planes to Peking, so the mainland group against Taiwan will have a long-term war could be just a matter of time.

A few hours before he signed the agreement public, the White House called in Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin to brief him on the situation. He stayed for just 30 minutes. As he left, reporters asked what was Dobrynin's report. Dobrynin, said "Christmas," but when pressed changed that to "China." By any name, Carter has played a winning game. **William Leather**

# The game they play for deadly stakes



President Jimmy Carter, flanked and flanked over the apparent collapse of his Middle East peace plans, will make a major effort for success in another area this week—agreement on a strategic arms limitation treaty with the Soviet Union. The president is expected to succeed with Moscow where he has failed with Jerusalem, in fact he has said that the SALT treaty is "in the bag." (Carter's feelings about the Israeli-Egyptian stalemate—the two nations were scheduled to sign the first step of their Camp David peace accord by Dec. 17—were, "It is extremely difficult, one of the most frustrating experiences I have ever had in my life.")

His next challenge is seen as the most crucial issue in world affairs at this time—a SALT agreement. It is a double challenge, for even if Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko can find a common ground on SALT II, Carter must then face the thunder of the Senate

Vance (foreground), Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin (center) and Gromyko, the three shake hands just after signing.

Vance and Gromyko meet for what will almost certainly be a final negotiating session on Dec. 21 and 22 in Geneva, and the Senate will then be asked to ratify the agreement as soon as possible. A key side issue so far seemed to be the prospect of a superpower summit in Washington between Carter and Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev, by mid-February at the latest. It would give Carter a solid political boost at home and enhance his prestige, slightly frayed by the Middle East disappointments. A treaty would also give him foreign policy ammunition for the 1980 election campaign. A Carter-Brezhnev summit could lead to progress on a wide range of issues—including troops and tanks in central Europe and conventional arms transfers to other nations, tensions in the Indian Ocean and Afri-

ca, and improving trade agreements. Richard Strout, the Washington correspondent of *The Christian Science Monitor*, writes that the congressional fight over SALT II "should be the biggest test of U.S. international policy since the Senate debated the Versailles Treaty and League of Nations 69 years ago." And Senator Edward Brooke of Massachusetts, who may soon be a member of the foreign relations committee, says ratification will be harder than for the Panama Canal treaties. Failure to ratify, he adds, will produce an all-out nuclear arms race at untold expense. Those who back a SALT II agreement argue that it is the only way to secure superpower peace for the next decade. Those opposed say it would give the Soviet Union an offensive edge they cannot be trusted with, and would make the United States the underdog in the balance of armaments.

The Senate fight against the treaty will be led by Democratic hard-liner Henry (Boss) Jackson, from the state of Washington. There are 46 Democrats and 41 Republicans in the Senate, and the fate of SALT II will be probably turn on the will of the Republicans. Carter managed to push the Panama treaties through largely because minority leader Edward Brooke Jr. of Tennessee threw his own prestige and power behind it. But similar bipartisan support for SALT II would likely destroy the senator's chance as a presidential candidate, and his failure is ambitious, no Republican is expected.

In the end, ratification may depend on a small group of four or five Republican senators who will be swung not by the chance of world peace but rather by political expediency. For that reason, the forces of pro and con are directing their efforts as much toward influencing voters at large as they are toward persuading the senators directly. The American Conservative Union has so far bought time on RDTV stations for a money-losing *Life* show, *Soviet Myths—American Myths*. *The United States in Drift* (it is a horror show warning of nuclear annihilation in just 90 minutes) says Sunday, 170 million people and 400,000 tanks, in a group called Foreign Policy Perspectives, charge that the Soviets have an ever-increasing superiority in arms. Carter and his administration will try to convert the electorate that way—anybody who votes against the treaty is a warmonger.

Nearly six years of negotiations have gone into the treaty. During that time the Soviets have expanded their military machine enormously and are now at least as strong, if not stronger, than the U.S. The Central Intelligence Agency reports that from 1967 to 1977 Soviet defense spending grew between



four and five per cent a year while U.S. spending declined in real terms. The Soviet Union is currently spending about \$130 billion a year on defense, some \$50 billion more than the U.S.

Details of the proposed treaty remain secret. They are complex and controversial and they concern not just weapons but ways of checking that neither side is cheating on the size of its armory. Most

Soviet Tupolev bomber and simulated Soviet missile barrage in Arizona, the first of its kind in the world to date.

important, however, it will restrict each side to keeping a total of 2,250 nuclear "delivery systems," which means missiles as well as bombers capable of dropping nuclear bombs on enemy targets. At the moment the U.S. has 2,550 such

## The bark at the top of the stairs

Don't have so many intelligent men spend so much time on a subject come up with more emotional ideas—and know it. A former Pentagon official told *Newsweek* last week. Working on the review of the so-called "buckley" nuclear weapons stockpiled on Europe's NATO.

Tactical weapons or short-range ballistic missiles are meant to be used in the event of a nuclear war, and they are not meant to be used in the event of a nuclear war. They would be the only way to defend the country side, since their average strength was a relatively defense force. There is a problem recently put in a document by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. The lower are only two kilometers apart (10 to 20 miles in terms of height depending on the height of the blast).

Should NATO ever use its tactical nuclear weapons, therefore, they would run West Germany and other neighboring countries into a wilderness in much the same way as would their nuclear and bomber-based brothers. So now, for claims of Western Europe, the once healthy scientific difference between tactical and strategic has all but withered and died. Tactical brings cold comfort indeed.

A SALT II treaty—negotiated to be signed in principle this week—will do little to alter any of that, for although the agreement is meant to limit the expansion of nuclear arms, it is still broad enough to encompass enormous existing arsenals. However, talks have begun on the matter in Vienna, where NATO and Warsaw Pact officials are talking about reducing their forces. In 1980 the U.S. has offered to remove 1,000 nuclear warheads if the Soviets remove a tank army.

For the first time in almost 30 years, the U.S. is making a serious effort to reduce the European nuclear force. In Europe, of course, is that the force a strength will be based in its own, for it is also would be highly reduced.



"system" and the U.S.S.R. has 2,500. Thus, under a new treaty, the Soviets would have to dismantle some of their missiles or bombers.

Although the Senate debate on ratification is certain to be long, even dirty, Carter is confident that in the long run his treaty will be passed. He is also used to saying that it will leave many people feeling less secure about U.S. strength, more suspicious of Soviet intentions and, therefore, more willing to increase U.S. defense spending. It's somehow ironic that expectations to reduce the risk of war and a congressional battle to have them implemented might in the end lead to spending even more cash on weapons. William Lowther



Iran

## Can two million people be wrong?

On the surface, Iran's holy month of Muharram seemed to be passing much like other months. Last week's bloody events showed that even religious observances take a back seat to political fervor in the strife-torn domain of Shah Mohammad Reza Pahlavi. Millions of demonstrators began the week with strong mass marches to denounce the Shah and by week's end nearly 70 people had died in the fighting. Fresh riots near Paris, accompanied by head Applebush, Reza Shah, Khomeini, Iran's Shiite Muslim leader, urged on the martyrs as he put it yesterday.

But in the hidden power in Washington and Tehran, leaders were working to find a peaceful solution to the violence. As the week ended, former prime minister Ali Akbar, a key figure in the negotiations between the embattled Shah and his opponents, said the new deal would save a civilian government. Other people thought the Shah was about to appoint a civilian council to work with the military regime. Already last week the Shah had asked both Ayatollah Khomeini and Prime Minister Karubi to resign — when the Shah had yielded earlier this year — to lead new civilian governments. Both refused.

Washington may soon encourage the Shah to set up a civilian government, in contrast to its policy, Roberts, of "hands off Iran." In a closed-door cabinet meeting last week, special consultant George Ball told President Jimmy Carter that a delay in establishing a civilian regime could mean the Shah's demise. Since its appointment in early November of this year, the name of Prime Minister General Gholam Reza Asfhar has failed to get striking

oil-field workers back on the job for long — costing the treasury about \$66 million a day. Government ministers are not operating, the coffee and rice against shortages in mosques are constantly broken and the bazaar remains closed.

In the other areas of political activity, Iran's troubled streets, all was peaceful on Sunday, Dec. 10, as an extraordinary number of hundreds of thousands of people — leaders and two million — marched through Tehran without incident. The Shah has remained his ban on demonstrations, and pulled back his troops.

Monday was Ashura, the most sacred day in the holy month, when Shiite Muslims commemorate the martyrdom in the year 60 of Imam Hussein, a grandson of Mohammed. Almost half a million people marched from downtown Tehran to the modernistic archway near the airport which, ironically, bears the name Shahr-e Khomeini. The day of the King — and a million Iran's soldiers, 2,000 years of monarchy. But discipline weakened and many marchers formed brawny groups that separated from the main column, shouting "Death to the Shah" and "The Shah and his family must be killed."

Demonstrations in Isfahan, in sharp contrast with the relative tranquillity elsewhere in Iran, saw through the centre of the city, Monday night, setting Isfahan, more than 100,000 and scores on Isfahan. In reaction, the local martial law commander ordered his men to open fire and at least 50 people were killed, 500 wounded.

Later that night, three soldiers opened fire with automatic weapons on an officers' mass near the Shah's Newnam Palace. Killing, according to an official source, at least 10 Imperial Guard officers. The official story, however, called the attacking civilian terrorists in military uniforms who had wounded at least 20 soldiers but killed no one and who themselves shot and killed.

Shiite fanaticism attacked a Pepsi-Cola

bombing demonstration, a tragedy in search of an ending — but who will write it?

plant and other businesses and homes belonging to Baha'i sect members Thursday in the southern city of Shiraz. Forty people were killed by soldiers whose homes were among those damaged. Scores of Muslims were wounded, an army corporal was killed and his family fled with hundreds of other Baha'is to a nearby mountain village for refuge. Although there are only about 30,000 Baha'is in Iran, they have always played a prominent role in social, economic and military affairs. Consequently, they have been persecuted by Shiite leaders, who speak for most of Iran's 50 million people.

The bodies of Thursday's dead were borne through downtown streets by opposition demonstrators. Friday evening, when leaders issued orders to disperse, troops opened fire, wounding several marchers.

The severity of the economic crisis was emphasized by news late in the week that Iran, normally the second-largest oil exporter in the world, was forced to buy kerosene and fuel oil for domestic consumption from neighboring countries. People lined up for three and four blocks to buy fuel.

Meanwhile, from France, Ayatollah Khomeini continued to direct the opposition against the Shah. He urged more marches and strikes, he called for a national day of mourning to be observed this week. He also warned President Carter and other heads of state that support for the Shah will result in their being cut off from Iran's oil if the religious-led opposition comes into power. Carter in response to preserve quiet relations with whatever rules Iran, although he does not share Khomeini's view that the Shah must leave the country before a succeeding government can be formed. In the next few weeks Carter must play a delicate diplomatic balancing act, making sure that he neither backs the Shah nor the warring side.

Guyana

## The bloody trail behind Jonestown

It is more than four weeks since the horrors of Jonestown burst upon a shocked world. In that time, intensive investigations on three continents have begun to sort out fact from fiction and to piece together an increasingly complete picture of the horrific ending of the Peoples Temple cult. Amidst the confusion that followed the carnage, many mistakes were made by the local authorities, much evidence was stolen by looters — and consequently many key and sinister details may never be solved. But, as last week ended, Guyanese police were investigating the cult's holdings and bank deposits, while the FBI had set up a special squad to deal with the case.

In Guyana a coroner's jury was still conducting a formal inquiry into the events of Nov. 18, when Congressman Leo Ryan, together with three American newsmen and one cult defector, were sent down, 911 members of the cult also died on that day. Last week they heard the first official evidence that murder had been committed during the mass death ceremony. Dr Leslie Moore, the chief forensic pathologist in Guyana, told the jury that Anne Moore, the 28-year-old mistress of cult leader Rev. Jim Jones, was found to have died a few feet from an open safe in Jones's house. Moore may have been one of the last to die, for she helped administer the cyanide and self-drink mixture to hundreds of cult members. What her, and why, are still a mystery. Murder is also suspected in the deaths of the 70-odd people who were poisoned by injection — Moore and police believe they were slain after they had refused to consent to suicide.

Jones himself was the only other shocking victim — killed by a "near discharge" in the head — but it is still not known whether he was murdered. That particular mystery has kept alive speculation that Jones, his mistress and a small group of cabalists may have planned to escape with a fortune hoarded by the religious group over a number of years. Investigators are satisfied that on the night of the mass suicide, cult members were actually misled into thinking that their drinks were merely a harmless potion of self-drink and the tranquilliser Valium. Several small bottles have been found labelled "liquid Valium", but actually containing cyanide. Some people doubtless were fooled by the miscreant.

labels when the poison was poured into the communal vat, thinking it was just another of Jones' "mass suicide" drilla.

A tape recording of the event, found among the bodies, shows that it was only after the first victims had begun to fall down, vomiting in agony and dying, that the others realised what was happening. At that point the hidden recording tells that mothers began screaming to save their children while, in the background, the amplified voice of Jones exhorted his followers to acquire the poison into the bank of the infants' throats so they could not spit it out.

A strange new twist in Jones's downfall was described in a California grand jury tale last week. Timothy Shoen, a lawyer who once acted as cult treasurer, revealed that Jones had set up foreign bank accounts in Panama, Switzerland and other countries — telling about \$1 million. He had collected the money from Guyana's Temple members over the past 15 years. Further, the man said that the current treasurer, Terry Buford, travelled to Washington, D.C., just three weeks before the tragedy, probably in order to review the

The label says it's superior rum.  
The taste confirms it.



Attorney Mark Lane (left) and Ambassador Alfred P. Thayer (right) in the jungle give up some assets.

of his property assets and to bank more cash.

Ruffert's travels have sparked a theory in the north of the special FBI investigating squad. Jones may have intended to have Congressman Ryan murdered even before he arrived for the probe that triggered the deaths. Jones and his mistress may have planned to flee the someone after everyone else was dead, John Ruffert in Washington and rejoin with a king's ransom. That plan may have failed when, at the last minute, some followers refused to commit suicide and rebelled by killing Jones and his mistress.

At least two other initial questions have been answered. Police first thought that some cult members might have camped on the Peoples Temple's remote, sequestered but MacArthur, raised after Jones' wife. Later it was found taking on food supplies in Harbin, where the crew knew nothing about the tragedy in Guyana.

The small number of elderly people found among the dead led to suspicions that they had been murdered over the last year, so that their monthly welfare and pension checks could avoid the country's coffers. Although all of the bodies had still not been identified at week's end it was revealed that, among the 270 for whom death certificates were issued, 138 were over 60 years old. The older members had simply been overlooked in the first shock of discovery.

Not so easily saved in the middle of three survivors being held on the Guyanese capital of Georgetown. Police there think their tale of being escaped death by chance may not be the whole story. Two brothers, Timothy and Michael Garter, and friend Michael Prokes say that during the massacre they were

called to Jones' house by Maria Kassar, mother of the leader's mistress. They were told to take a suitcase full of money and jewelry to the Soviet embassy in Georgetown (for weeks Jones had been talking of a move to the USSR) and had men with embassy officials. When police arrested the two on the outskirts of Georgetown, two of them were carrying revolvers that had been recently fired and were among six bullets between them. Their answer—which they had heard—stunned about \$200,000 and some jewelry. Another \$2 million has since been found at the Peoples Temple.

Were the three part of a Jones getaway plan? Did he actually intend to move the cult to the USSR? These and other key points and motives behind the deaths—why people joined, why they followed—may now be lost for good with the FBI. William Lowther

## Namibia

### Getting out the lollipop vote

It may easily have been one of the most peculiar elections of the century. Namibia's first one-man, one-vote contest for the territory's first multiracial national assembly was a great deal of ado that may simply have to be repeated in a few months. Six last week's controversial victory by the Democratic Turnhalle Alliance (DTA), winning 41 of 50 seats, is empty. It merely streams that in the next, and crucial vote, the DTA's main leader, Dirk Hage, will be the main opposition to the South-West African People's Organization (SWAPO)—just as he has been for years.

South Africa, under pressure from

Canada, the United States, the United Kingdom, France and Germany, tentatively agreed earlier this year in a second election, under United Nations supervision, which would void the results of last week's vote. But the recent vote had been planned before that agreement was made, so went ahead as scheduled. In any case, South Africa's effort still has the last word in the territory, since it reserved its veto power over the newly elected assembly. It has administered Namibia for 36 years under a long-expired League of Nations mandate.

The election was a free-way contest, involving a range of parties from moderate to extreme right wing. The two dominant parties—SWAPO and the Na-



A proper suppresses the voting, offering T-shirts and beer, threatening punishment.

tion National Front (DNF)—repeated the election and held voters to argue Namibia to do likewise, saying the contract would not be fair without outside observers. The turnout, however, was a whopping 81 per cent. But despite widespread international coverage of the elections, sources in Windhoek say the media have tended to ignore the systematic intimidation of the local black population, forcing them to participate in the election.

For instance, some civil servants and black and white salaried workers were threatened with loss of jobs, pensions and medical services if they didn't vote. In homestead areas chiefs who are largely as government payoffs threatened locals with the loss of the right to place land, to obtain employment or to keep a house if they failed to vote. Old people had to register to vote before receiving their pensions, and shopkeepers faced closure.

The largest issue during the working voting was the government's daily update on the "lollipop" scandal, in which Iloilo was reportedly handed out to enter businessmen into voting. There were similar charges involving

from most, T-shirts and beer.

Despite the election's lack of finality, however, the DTA fought it with the intensity of battle. They penetrated every remote corner of the sparsely populated country—five times the size of the United Kingdom, but with fewer than a million inhabitants—and spent an estimated \$5.5 million, reportedly more than the cost of any election in African history. That is heavy going in light of the small economy, just 412,000 voters.

The stakes in the next election will be high. It will determine whether Namibia falls under the influence of the West via the DTA, or the Soviet bloc, which has long backed SWAPO. But would the Namibia—with its important uranium, diamonds and wide assortment of strategic minerals—as an ally, and will campaign harder, or more softly, the second time around.

## Rhodesia

### A hot uppercut where it hurts

Early after 9 p.m. last Monday, black workers at Salisbury's massive store of strategic goods heaved loud and repeated bursts of "no-ink-out," then "what?" Luckily, their interests did



Birth at oil tank fire: the cigarette-lit candles, approaching the danger.

them to run, for seconds later several of the giant tanks erupted into massive clouds of orange flames. The fire—described by one witness as "a gigantic eternal flame"—raged on through Fri-

day, destroying 22 tanks of gasoline, diesel and aviation fuel—at least 17 million gallons worth. It is still burning. Military authorities later admitted there was "evidence of guerrilla involvement." What they did not say was that the hit amounted to the boldest attack ever on a strategic site, the most devastating on an urban centre, in the increasingly bitter six-year-old war. The attack, leaving a layer of black soot on everything in the city, immediately weakened morale. Long lines formed early the next day in front of gas stations as motorists panicked over a shortage. Or rather, a new shortage, since in Rhodesia's most vital town. Without it the troubled territory could not have survived a decade of United Nations sanctions. As it is, Rhodesia has had to purchase fuel through a complex and expensive subterfuge network. All petroleum supplies for both industrial and private use have been tightly rationed for years.

The attack led to two new and haunting fears in Rhodesia. Military, guerrillas have now penetrated so deeply that their operations can match into the heart of the capital, blast away, then disappear. Despite immediate military follow-up operations, as suspects have so yet been arrested. Then, the single most vital material for economic survival has been seriously depleted, and will not easily be replaced.

On top of that, last week the UN General Assembly recommended wider economic sanctions against Rhodesia and an oil embargo against South Africa, which supplies petroleum to the Rhodesians. And South Africa gets most of its oil from Iran, whose strikes are systematically squeezing production down to a comparative dribble. All in all, it was a devastating week for Rhodesia, leaving an ominous feeling of waves to come.

Robin Wright

## Portugal

### Sound of thunder from the right

Golden battered the coattails of Francisco last week, but as the country's government of the year was unshaken into power once more, some were threatening an electoral reversal. Even as Prime Minister Carlos Mota Pinto's new government squeaked through a vote of parliamentary approval, the Socialists were calling it "the most right-wing government since the dictatorship" and the steady resurgence of the right was given a boost by the re-emergence of its champion and chief theorist, General Antonio



Spínola has 1974 book sparked a coup—and guess who's back in power...

Spínola, silenced since 1975 for plotting a coup.

Spínola's reappearance holds an ominous portent for the left wingers, especially since he came bearing a book. One of his books sparked the 1976 coup, and his latest effort, *A Country Afloat*, gives the conservative viewpoint from above just as Portugal's experiment with democracy is being sorely tested by economic, social and political crises. He attacked the country's leaders for giving up colonies and throwing away the fruits of the revolution. "The Portugal of hope and optimism is dead. The Portugal of Europe is in crisis. Its existence is in peril." Leftists fear that apart from the obvious appeal to conservatives Spínola's views will also very successfully intimidate led up with the re-echoing cry of "no-ink-out."

Pinto, at 44 the youngest leader in Western Europe, had asked the political parties to forget their differences on the vote and to let him get on with his government to boost productivity and foster private enterprise. But on the centre-right, Social Democrats and the conservative Centre Democrats backed him, while the Socialists abstained—their leader Mario Soares claiming that Pinto's appointed cabinet had no mandate from the people—and the Communists led a motion to reject him.

The Socialists, the largest party, will now watch warily for signs that President Ramalho Eanes—who appointed Pinto—is trying to expand his own powers at the expense of the political parties. Reinforcing left-wing fears is the presence among the new ministers of some closely linked with big business and the fascist past. And, to the surprise, it is hardly condemned that old warrior Spínola should re-emerge just now. For even if he doesn't return to politics, his book will inspire, and be himself will remain a potent symbol to an increasingly confident Portuguese right.

David Field





Partner and Tadmor: the Mary executives

Three years ago the Canadian writing team of **Andy Tadmor**, 41, and **Gary Fumar**, 41, took off for Hollywood, breaking *Wayne* and *Shuster*, *Anna Marie* and the *King of Kensington* for their American network counterparts *Dharma* and *Martin Rhoads* and *Dark Van Dyke*. Having performed so confidently on their keyboards over the years, T & F were hired anonymously writers in NYC to help resurrect *Mary Tyler Moore*, whose comedy show *Mary* bombed (and was cancelled) three weeks into the fall season. According to Tadmor, the revised *Mary Tyler Moore* book, scheduled for the new year, "will be a page out of the past, taking the concept from the old Jack Benny-Red Skelton shows. There'll be story lines, comedy and guest stars plus a new twist. Although Tadmor is comfortably settled with his wife and three children in their San Fernando Valley home, old loyalties run deep. His still from a Canadian flag in his office and admits, "We'd like to come back and do special for the CBC. In fact, we'd still be there if there was going to."

Although 39-year-old actress and former model **Susan Sarandon** doesn't use her old matronly type,

it appears that casting directors do. In Sarandon's last movie, *Pretty Baby*, she played the postnatal mother of child star *Isabella*. In her latest movie, *King of the Gypsies*, Sarandon again has the part of a mama, queen mother



Sarandon: the queen mother in New York

to the newly crowned king of a New York gypsy tribe. Unfamiliar with the ways and wiles of gypsy women, Sarandon did a little research into the role. "I found a New York policeman who set me up with some gypsies," said Sarandon. "They're a very anonymous patriarchal society on one hand, yet the women raise the kids and put the food on the table. Although in ways were very different, gypsy women are strong. This I could relate to."

Even before the canvases were erected, bidders were signing up for Prints artist **Bernie Kozlowski** latest exhibit at Thaw's Washington Gallery. Within 25 minutes of the show's opening, 15 of her 16 landscapes had been sold and a week later, all but one watercolor and two drawings had gone. "When you work all year on a show and watch it all go so quickly, it leaves you with an empty feeling," said Kozlowski, who-bore Kozlowski. Nonetheless, she has had more trying times with her exhibitions. In the late '80s, her first shipment of seascapes to Washington's in Montreal was burst up on route. Last year, her first New York show had framing problems. When frames arrived too small to fit the paintings, the New Yorkers "dropped" the art to fit the frames.

It happened *Our Night* happened 48 years ago when actress **Charlotte Calbert** was 20 and well on her way to being dubbed "The Queen of Comedy." These days, however, it happens every night on Calbert, 73, in book after, playing a warden opposite Jack Palance in the Broadway comedy *The Kingfisher*. Although suffering slightly from a bad back, Calbert, who's making her first Broadway appearance since 1963, says she's hooked to be on stage again—especially once she's allowed to act her age. "You don't often find the right parts at my age," said Calbert, the veteran of 64 movies who now makes her home in Berkeley. "Remember I've been on stage for 38 years, so I refuse to play the role of a woman in her 40s. When I read this comedy I thought, 'Thank God. She's supposed to be 70!'"

Appear may be quicker but **Cathy** is just *dash*, according to Playboy publisher **Hugh Hefner**, who had a hand in picking Playboy's 25th-anniversary playmate. Chosen from more than 2,000 candidates, **Cathy** Lovino, a 28-year-old married college student from Poncha City, Oklahoma, says she was selected as the silver anniversary beauty because (a) she's an all-American girl, (b) like apple pie and sex crimes and (c) has strong family ties. (d) she's intelligent. "I'm studying public relations at Oklahoma City University and maybe would

like to try modeling after this year" (e) she has good business sense and a mind of her own. "At first I was in it for the money [US\$2,000] but then I felt comfortable (when far and farther away). My mother said she knew I wouldn't do anything I didn't want to do. And my husband, a steward with Texas International Airlines, was very supportive," (d) all of the above. "I guess really they're trying to sell the whole package", (e) none of the above (37-34-34)

I was comparable to **William F. Buckley** appearing in *The Yellow Wallpaper* (Vancouver's right-wing columnist **Doug Collins** (Maclean's, Oct. 8, 1979) showed up last week in the pages of *Georgia Straight*, Vancouver's once politically, now politically radical weekly. (d) I was shocked, (e) I was shocked. **Don McLeod** Collins conceded that his first wife would undoubtedly "lose the paper readers." However, he didn't realize it would cost them staff. Nonetheless, after hearing that Collins had been hired, *Straight* back covered *Maclean's* gave notice that he wouldn't appear in any edition with Collins. **Paul Twigg**: "It makes sense not to publish Black Panther manifestos anymore that doesn't make sense to print the views of someone many people consider racist and racist."

Although many "serious" writers (a) about the conversion of the publicity trip, **Wendell** (a) author of *Summer* (which won't photograph by *Wendell* (Wings), thanks *Wendell* to "wonderful fan." While usually planning his book in various U.S. cities, as well as Montreal, Ottawa, and Toronto, Gill has been playing basketball and basketball as a drama critic of *The New Yorker* magazine which has been his business address for the past 10 years. Not to worry. *Brooklyn* completed with his travel schedule by not holding an appointment in his absence. "After architecture in my passion, I have gotten out to different cities," and Gill, 66, "San Francisco is the most beautiful city in North America. When you get tired walking the streets you can lean on them."

Reporting from standard political fund-raising affairs there wasn't a paper hat, a long-winded speaker or a rubber chicken-fest in sight last week when Governor and Corporate Affairs Minister **Warren Allmand** tried to raise money for his riding association of Notre-Dame-de-Grâce. Instead, Allmand held a \$100-a-plate dinner and dinner at Regent's, the fashionable hotel and nightclub of the Stags. *Allmand* also

Vivian and Francis, doing the Fox trot



Living a few of her favorite things

enjoyed. Among the 250 in attendance were former military general **William Fawcett** and his wife of three months, **Vivian**.



Vivian and Francis, doing the Fox trot

son. European film star **Vivienne Casanova**, Canadian film director **Richard Lussan** (4 *Special Days*) and an assortment of Quebec entertainers including showman **Michael Desautels** and actress **Andree Duchesne**. Although a Prime Minister kept the invited prime minister away, no one had to question why Canada's first queen, **Margaret Trudeau**, hadn't been asked to attend the Liberal fete.

Delivered recently at New York's *St. Mark's Church*, Dr. **Timothy Leary**, former Harvard psychologist and psychedelic guru of the '60s, was preaching on the problems of growing up. Devoted to jeans and running shoes, the 58-year-old Leary (who was sentenced on drug charges in 1970) told an audience of college students and rock stars including **Patsy Smith** and **Frank Zappa**. "At all costs avoid terminal adulthood. As you well know, the parent's dreamers who refused to follow the adult dreamers become birds." After exhorting the tape of last message, Leary then moved on to another of his pet projects—reconciling eastern religion.

Edited by Jane O'Hara



## Slugging it out for No. 1

By Ian Brown

Donald McGivern's soul was forged in a department store, halfway down the middle aisle between sporting goods and hardware. That is why the illusion of modesty is so complete: he is the humility of someone just getting acquainted with his own success. Ask McGivern where he spends his spare time, and he will tell you he has a "hut in a swamp in Malabar, Ontario," neglecting to mention his frequent excursions to tiny Lyford City. The act is so convincing, it's easy to miss the hints under the bearding and the jowling as he smiles the smile in which his guests are either stuck along their journey to his airport, one almost misses the muttered aside "You see," signals the reb-

el-like entrepreneur, once voted one of Toronto's 10 richest men. "You gotta be big."

In 30 of the most frantic days of his life, as Canadians everywhere embarked on the Christmas upsurge that every year accounts for 25 per cent of the country's department store business, the 56-year-old president of Canada's oldest and fourth-largest department store retailer pulled every government and corporate string he could to buy control of rival Simpsons, Ltd. and the 41 per cent of Simpsons-Sears Ltd. that goes with it. By last week's end, he had lost a battle in a war he promises to wage until he wins it—a war that will transform Canadian retailing from a discreet century-old family affair into an outright corporate struggle, and that

may force Canadians to take another look at the country's anemic anti-monopoly laws (see box overleaf). Massive enough reason for a boy from Calgary to say "One of the great privileges of my life has been to sit in my apartment"—on the 68th floor of Toronto's MasseyLife Building, where widower McGivern lives with his 21-year-old daughter—"and watch them build our new Toronto store."

It is the end of a hectic year for McGivern who was passed over for the presidency of the T. Eaton Co. in 1980 and fled to the Hudson's Bay Co. "That was the day Eaton's lost and The Bay won," admits Simpson's President Ted Burton. This year, McGivern and Bay Governor George Richardson have acquired 38 per cent of what is now Eaton/Bay Financial Services (insurance and trust), agreed to sell its 34.6-per-cent holding of Sebeco Oil Co. Ltd. to Dover Petroleum Ltd., acquired 52.1 per cent of Zeller's Ltd., and consolidated its holdings in Markborough Properties Ltd. (real estate).

But the Simpsons focus is the important one, the one that could make Donald McGivern's name. It all started last August when Simpson's Chairman G. Allan Burton and Simpsons-Sears Chairman Jack Barrow announced their intention to merge the two companies. The move had been on their minds since Simpsons and Sears, Roebuck & Co.—the world's largest retailer, in vast it alone accounts for two per cent of the U.S. gross national product—took over Simpson's catalogue division to form Simpsons-Sears, in 1982. The new company obviously had just the right formula: from sales of \$112 million in its first year, it is today the country's largest department store retailer with 62 stores, 889 catalogue outlets, 26 per cent of the market and sales of \$2.1 billion, highest in the country (see chart).

But the partnership had developed some sore spots, notably over a clause that prevented both Simpsons and Simpsons-Sears from opening stores within 25 miles of already established stores without the other's permission. Moreover, says one Simpsons director "Let's face it, Simpsons-Sears management is better." Even Ted Burton, president of Simpsons and nephew of Chairman Allan Burton, admits there were differences. "We should have had the same people interested in both companies, but what we had were two boards, some (shareholders, and new kinds of conflicts." Another Simpsons director says the problem was far more basic. Sears has been reverting to Canadian operations with some caution as it manages U.S. operations undergirded by difficult times. So, after negotiations with friend J. Ross LeMeunier, director and vice-president at Wood Gundy Ltd., Barrow

The Bay's Alan McGivern (left) and the object of take-over attention, G. Allan Burton (right) signing their last deal: 40 points.

and Burton revealed their plan—Simpsons shareholders would be given one Simpsons-Sears share for each Simpsons share they tendered to a deal worth more than \$500 million.

That was all McGivern needed. The Bay management had been looking at Simpsons as a possible takeover prospect since 1988, and so seriously in 1988 that discussions were held, then scuttled when Sears said it wanted control of the new company. Fresh from another look at Simpsons only six months ago, McGivern was meeting with Peter Wood, his executive vice-president, and Winnipeg multimillionaire George Richardson, the Bay's governor, the day Allan Burton made his announcement. They realized, Richardson recalls, that "if the Simpsons-Sears proposal went through, it was gone forever." To them, acquisition of Simpsons made perfect sense: it had a strong, 20-store Sears presence to complement the Bay's more than 100 Western stores, had been performing well (sales of \$629 million, earnings of \$38 million), and would round out the coverage trade end of the Bay's merchandising empire, complementing McGivern's October acquisition of Zeller's. It was also the perfect defence against a burgeoning Simpsons-Sears, compared with whose slivery earnings growth the Bay has been a steady plodder, and a way of further diffusing the Bay's ownership in a giant against any take-over attempts. In a single gobble, the Bay would be the largest department store retailer in Canada.

But the Bay had to work fast—and quickly. On Jan. 14, three months after Simpsons' merger plans were made public, McGivern and Richardson called an emergency meeting of the board for Thursday evening, Nov. 16. That morning, George Richardson tele-

phoned old friend Russell Harrison, chairman of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, to secure the \$70 million the Bay would have to borrow for the deal.

Otherwise, total secrecy was McGivern's prime concern, even to the extent that working papers explaining the deal gave numbers, but no company names. Only a handful of people knew what was going on—among them McGivern, Richardson, Peter Wood and the Bay's deputy governor, Alex Maitland, who did not attend any board meetings so he could avoid a conflict of interest. His law firm, Blake, Cassels & Gagnier, had been engaged by Simpsons-Sears in the summer to work out the legal details of the merger. Finally, Nov. 17, McGivern phoned Burton to let him know before he left the house the Bay was making a raid, and would offer Simpsons shareholders the equivalent of \$5.20 a share.



The financial community was stunned by the news, all the more so because it had been kept a complete secret. Allan Burton was apoplectic. Jack Barrow was wobbly, and competitors like Eaton's, while not commenting, were heard in the occasional private conversation to be behind the Bay, if only because the combination was less threatening than a merged Simpsons and Simpsons-Sears. Most of the news came from Robert Bertrand, director of the federal government's consumer branch (see box) and from analysts, whose strange circumspect advice is always called by their own interests in a deal. In this case, McGivern and Richardson had taken the precaution of involving a substantial portion of the Toronto investment community by engaging (for a total of \$3.4 million) Dominion Securities, Richardson Securities of Canada (another arm of Richardson's corporate world), Greenfields Ltd., Milwood, Young, Wise & Co. Ltd., Bay Fry Ltd. and Freshwater Securities Ltd. to solicit acceptances from Simpsons' 18,000 shareholders. The few independent analysts left—in Glaxia, of Brown, Rudwin, Ninkov Institutional







## Sports

# Four horsemen on the downhill staircase

By Andy Shaw

They're known in the European press as the "Canadian Kuznetsov" or "Crazy Canucks." After the first World Cup ski race of the year, they're the kings of the mountains.

In Schladming, Austria, the second weekend of December, the Canadian Men's downhill ski team pulled off its long-planned blitzkrieg of European rivals. Calgary's Ken Read won the race, Dave Murray of Abbotsford, B.C., was second, Dave Irwin of Thunder Bay, Ontario, was seventh, and Steve Podborski of Toronto was ninth. Four Canadians in the top 10 seemed to confirm the pressure claim of Andrus Koblisch, bossman of the Canadian Ski Association's \$650,000-a-year Alpine program. "Right now, the Canadians are the best downhill team in the world."

Whether the misgendered race would be run at all was in doubt until the last minute. The traditional showcase season-opener in Val d'Isère, France, had nearly cancelled the previous week due to lack of snow. The race was switched to the Alpine valley town of Schladming after promises of good conditions. Before the race, tons of snow, with liberal amounts of mud, had to be scraped from the surrounding meadows and trucked to the 3,000-meter course. Freezing temperatures during training kept the greynish mixture favorably hard for the Canadians' assault. In four timed practice runs, Read was the fastest twice but couldn't make believe of the Austrian giant course. Headlines dubbed him the "Training Man World Champion" for his history of last practices not lived up to on race day.

But after 24 hours of rain, another

hour's delay at the start on a course swayed by 100 meters, Read was the third man out of the starting gate. As the timer flashed on the scoreboard, it was quickly clear that the red-suited Canadian had come to conquer while the mighty Austrians (whose countrymen booted them at the finish line) would miss only one in the top 10.

"The snow was a little grippier" than is training," said Read as he stood clanking grit-covered skis at the bottom, "but I ran the course pretty much the same way as I had all week." His time was six minutes, 32.11 seconds, just 61 seconds faster than Murray.

The first Canadian one-two World Cup finish was late last year at Chamonix, France, with Read and Murray again in tandem. Their coup was given one sentence in the today-page front book put out by the World Cup organizers, who explained that the Canadians had won because the other racers relaxed too much after the World Championships. That attitude and the readily discernible belief in the crowd that the Canadians didn't really belong with the great Austrians, Swiss and Italian racers amount in part to the Canadians' motivation to beat the Europeans.

They still can't match the sophistication of coaches like the Austrians. With the entire country's tourist and ski manufacturing industries behind them, the Austrians can afford such luxuries as a squad of thermometer-taking coaches to take snow temperature runs minutes before the race to ensure proper waxing, and then fly the skis to the starting line by helicopter.

The Canadian Ski Association's Alpine Development Program, launched after Nancy Green's retirement in



Read (left) and Murray: when they hit the bottom, they were on top of the world

1984, brings up to 40 skiers to Europe each winter. In 18 years, it has made Canada competitive.

Read, 33, the free-spirited Murray, 25, the athletic athlete Podborski, 21, a completely recovered Kathy Kerner, 24, and an evidently independent Kathy Kerner, 24, are the chief assets of the CIA program. Financed largely by the federal government's Game Piece agency, it first started to pay dividends in 1975. Read and Irwin won downhill races for Canada's first-ever World Cup victories by male skiers and later that season, at

Heavenbrück, Kerner won her Olympic gold in the giant slalom. Their performance last year gave Canada more skiers than ever before in this year's first and it is the first-to-go group of 30 that wins most races.

Within the first and Read is ranked eighth, Murray 13th. A steadily improving Podborski leads the second seed in 15th place, but will likely move up.

Irwin, returning after two seasons of head and leg injuries, is ranked 62nd even though he was once ranked No. 2 in the first seed by the New Year "The International Ski Federation revision its rankings Jan. 1. On that date, judging

Read holding the edge of 100 mph.

by the Schladming results, Canadians may remember the once wanted Austrian who now has six first-seed slalom.

If that happens, much credit will be due to Andrus Koblisch. Under the monasticism former Polish racer, the Canadian ski team finally seems to have it set together. Problems of the past—oxidized gear, poor technique, insufficient training, uncommunicative coaches—have either been solved or eliminated by Koblisch. The spunk is that the national men's team now has those four horsemen downhillers and its first potential slalom specialist of world caliber, Peter Nasse of Basel.

For the season, there are Kerner and two promising downhillers in Lutz Klotz of Jumper and Lauris Grubben of Toronto. "For these people this year, we're trying to create an atmosphere that will prepare them for the 1980 Olympics. This is the drama rehearsal year," says Koblisch, who has mentored racers' discipline in their best events, World Cup rules, instilling to the contrary.

"It touches an artificial thing," he says of this year's new scoring system, which will only award the over-all World Cup title to skiers who compete in all three Alpine events—slalom, giant slalom and downhill. "They changed the rules because Lagerberg Stenmark was winning so much and public interest was falling off." Stenmark, a slalom specialist from Sweden, has won the World Cup for the past three years.

Read, named last week co-winner of the Law Man Trophy as Canada's outstanding athlete of 1979, is one skier who is happy to restore what he is—a downhiller. "Ken has very clear goals. He wants to be number one. From Klammer," says Koblisch. Klammer, who was felled by the flu and did not race at Schladming, is the reigning Olympic and World Cup downhill champion. Read has the physical skills to handle the more than 100-kilometer-per-hour downhill speeds that exceed the leg and prostate serious injuries for most racers, but it is his mind that is his true strength. "Ken is uncanny," says teammate Podborski. "We all remember the various courses. But Ken can tell you

everybody's time on these courses for the past five years."

Nen's Head Coach John Koblisch feels physical conditioning is giving the Canadian the edge this season. "We changed their dry land training with some help from fitness experts back home. When we tested them this fall against their previous records, they were sure it that they'd overbuilt."

Before the start, the condition of Podborski and Irwin was a worry. Podborski, considered by the coaches to have the best technical skills of all the Canadians, had been improving steadily last season. His seventh place finish at the World Championships in January at Garmisch was the best of the team. Then, in May, he went to a team training camp in Colorado at Copper Mountain. "We were sleeping at 10,000 feet and doing at 10,000 feet some thing called altitude sickness. It can kill you and I was getting there." Following a spell in hospital at Denver, Podborski had recovered enough by midsummer to be back at his off-season hobby of bicycle riding.

Many thought Irwin's career was finished following a freak injury suffered at an Austrian training camp last fall. "I hit someone on the hill and my leg was badly hurt. It was a large, massive blow to the thigh. All the blood and scar tissue started running into calcium. It bonded my leg and I couldn't bend it at all." Deciding against an operation, he cross-country skied in the winter and just let the leg heal itself. The heavily muscled Irwin proved his recovery complete with his seventh at Schladming, despite a starting position of 28th. Back in 1976, Irwin was tying with Franz Klammer for No. 1 ranking in the world until a fall on the awesome downhill in Wengen, Switzerland, ended his season with a severe concussion. At the bottom of the Schladming course, Irwin perched from behind speedsters and said, "I'm very happy." Irwin fell at a training run at Val Gardena, Italy, last week, suffering a concussion, arm, hand and knee injuries. He won't race again until January at the end of the year.

Irwin skied on the wilder side of the hill-belt for crash-line style that his team-mates share. It is a style that has earned the team wide renown in Europe and was once described by British ski writer John Barnard as a "series of failed recoveries."

Murray built back the finishing





Krieger playing it for laughs and laughs

One skier whose style doesn't fit that mold is Kathy Krieger. At her best, she is a rhythmic, fluid skier with a knack for holding the best line. But last year she was not at her best. Krieger quit Europe before the race season ended, barely hanging on to USIB and last place in the top of her giant slalom specialty. "Last season was the worst year I have had in my career," says the minimal team member for the past eight years. "People thought I was going to retire but I never considered quitting." In her first World Cup outing this season, a downhill in Innsbruck, Italy, Krieger placed a respectable 13th.

New women's Head Coach Curtis Chapman of Nelson, B.C., a former racer for Canada, hopes his charges will develop along the same line as Krieger. "We've got four or five good potential

downhillers with one or two that's what we're going to work on."

The two most promising are sophomores Lora Kietli, 18, of Jasper, and Lauren Graham, 18, of Toronto. As athletes types they are also poles apart. Kietli, long and lively, is the girls' team leader but more importantly to Chapman, "Lora is a naturally talented skier, a good skier who carries her speed well."

The neophyte Graham, catches Kietli's test for the ski-racing life but looks about five inches of her long-kempt, "Lara is a dedicated hard-working girl," says Chapman. "Before she came to the national team she was over here in Europe training on her own."

Chapman feels today's racer is a better breed than when he and men's coach Richter competed for Canada. "Back then, when we made the national team, we'd reached our goal. I didn't really have it in my heart that I could out-own one of the European elite. But these kids are different. They look at making the national team as the beginning of a new ladder. You can work with that kind of attitude."

To get around during the four-month World Cup season, racers and coaches alike pack themselves into Volkswagen buses, competing for space with boots, skis and skis poles. Last year the A-team members, like Rind and Podhorski, drove their own cars—supplied by a ski manufacturer. One day while parked in a parking lot, they were seriously downed by Val d'Isère on a wet, icy road, the Canadian pair shot by on the outside. "When you are a downhill racer, you have to get used to speed," Podhorski said later.

Perhaps because their daily lives are filled with such extremes, the Canadian skiers generally prefer the warm, woolly glow of family hotels like Schlösschen, Schitzendorf for the night-time relaxation. "They're the closest place to home like the plagues," and team manager Terry Spence of Vancouver. It's not that. Action skiers like Rind and Murray can't afford the B-C hotels. Schlösschen is Val d'Isère's better. Each nation's national government runs a ski allowance plan up to an estimated \$50,000 a year from the ski manufacturers who supply their gear. (The money is set aside in trust to protect their amateur status.)



Graham, sophomore looking to the future

Yet a typical evening would find Rind at the team hotel examining the international divided. Rind has seen an international monetary rates at which he is considered something of an expert. Podhorski, who owns the only sign of eccentricity on the team—a diamond stud in his left ear—would be spreading his way through his favorite literature. Murray would be out running and Irwin quizzing the mascot on the body's pressure points. "It is hard to believe, but a big night out for these guys is finding a restaurant that serves outstanding food," says Spence.

That lifestyle has opened a remarkable team spirit for what is essentially an individual sport. "With such a large group of good people, we are always working each other, trading ideas, and that can only help," says Rind. Schlösschen proved that it's working and that even the Austrians are beatable. Yet nowhere would the Canadians like to beat the Europeans again than at Whistler Mountain, B.C., when the World Cup returns to Canada after a two-year absence with the men's downhill March 9. As much Rind says, "We would really like to blow the doors off them." But it may be satisfaction, because in Schlösschen, the Canadians knocked the house down. ☐

## Medicine

# It cuts out the pain . . . without using the knife

**T**o have an ulcer is often to be considered a life of pain, anxiety, special diets and surgery. But now there's a drug on the market that researchers are excitedly saying may change that unhappy prognosis.

The drug is called cimetidine. So far it has been shown that it can cure ulcers quickly and effectively. Eight studies involving over 500 patients were recently completed in the United States. They showed that 70 per cent of the patients on cimetidine were healed after only four to six weeks. Significant nausea, in fact, was healed after two weeks.

Cimetidine works because it blocks the action of histamine, which stimulates the secretion of gastric acid. Histamine also produces the constriction of tissues that causes the discomfort associated with colds and a single reaction. But whereas antihistamine drugs and pills can bring about relief in these tissues, they have no effect on the constriction that triggers the response in the mucous. Activities as basic as eating a protein-rich meal will prompt a large production of acid. Cimetidine will bring about a 70-per-cent decrease in acid after eating.

When a person is said to suffer from ulcers, what is usually meant is a peptic ulcer. The most common kind is duodenal, which accounts for about 80 per cent of all peptic ulcers. It is estimated that at some time during their lives 10 per cent of the North American population will probably suffer from duodenal ulcers. In the U.S. alone, as many as 10,000 lives are lost annually largely because of hemorrhage or perforation.

Though ulcers are a relatively common disorder, it's not known what causes them. It is known that they never occur in the absence of gastric acid, yet many people with high acidity don't develop ulcers, while people with low acidity do. Another baffling finding is that ulcers are more common in people with Type O blood. Certainly stress is a factor.

One attempt to treat ulcers has been through the use of diet, traditionally a bland one. Then it was found that patients who were fed plasma fared about as well as those on bland food. Milk, once touted to be the great wonder food for ulcers, has been reassessed. Not only are people who drink more than three glasses of milk a day more inclined to

develop ulcers, but the calcium in milk can actually trigger the production of gastric, which aggravates ulcers. A little milk is therapeutic, because it does offer some antacid protection. The main dietary prohibitions are against coffee, tea and cold drinks because of their caffeine content. Psychotherapy, once thought to be of some use in controlling



ulcers because of their possible relationship to stress, is no longer recommended.

Antacids have been the backbone of ulcer therapy but they too have their disadvantages. Their effect doesn't last long, and some forms of antacid therapy can produce severe constipation, particularly in the aged that it is widely prescribed because it is known to be safe and effective.

Surgery is often a last resort for ulcers. "If I had an ulcer I'd like to try cimetidine before considering to surgery," says Dr. Selwyn Baker, chief of gastroenterology at St. Bonifant hospital in Winnipeg.

"There is no doubt that cimetidine is

extremely effective in healing ulcers," says Dr. Gerald Lills, acting head of gastroenterology at Winnipeg's Health Science Centre. "But I have reservations about it. It's good only so long as patients are on it—a recurrence rate of as high as 50 per cent has been reported. And we don't know what the long-term effects are. I would recommend two six-week courses of therapy as cimetidine if necessary. If that didn't work, depending on the circumstances, I might recommend surgery. We're getting a little happier with the results of cimetidine with each year's test cases."

In fact, the side effects of the drug appear to be minimal. Some of the adverse reactions are headache, dizziness, fatigue, skin rash, diarrhea, constipation.

tion and muscular pain. But these side effects didn't require the discontinuation of treatment, and patients who were placed on placebo reported them as well. Enlargement of breasts was seen in some patients on cimetidine, but it seemed to be temporary and reversible.

Sholander now states that studies that patients on maintenance doses of cimetidine for up to one year are actually being treated from having recurrence of ulcers, although most physicians are using short-term treatment. In the meantime, many people who suffer from ulcers may be spared the knife and find the relief that other treatments haven't provided as effectively. **Helen Kalkin**



# The glitter is the message

By Barbara Aronow

When Sheila Warner of Toronto, an Air Canada purser, went looking for a Christmas present this year for her husband Art, an industrial arts teacher (sheet metal, auto mechanics), she skipped the recommended male gifts no automotive parts, pens, an electric saw, nor even a glance at the rubicubic brick wood inventors. Sheila went directly to Oliver Jewellers in the plush Yorkville shopping district of Toronto with a Promenade coin she had purchased during a holiday in Geneva.

After a conference with resident jewelry designer Skip Kellerg, a heavy 14-karat gold setting was planned to turn the coin into a pendant for Art to wear on one of his own two gold chains. The cost: \$256. By the time Sheila had left the store, she had also commissioned Kellerg to design a ring for her of two grey baroque pearls. The design would be a surprise.

"Treat me," said Kellerg, explained Sheila. "We can afford a little of wine with our dinner and very occasionally we go out to a restaurant or movie. Jewelry is our one luxury. Ten years ago my husband wouldn't be caught dead wearing it. But now he loves it."

So, apparently, do increasing numbers of Canadians, male and female, and now men obviously. Underneath the traditional winter coverings of quilted storm coats and exercise-looking rubber overboots, the December season

of gift and gifts is in full swing. And even if for most purveyors the treasure hunt through award stores and dazzling from carobles is more often an



Designer Carvill (above), George Brown (below), who calls an advertisement (below) it's an urge as old as the human race.

affordable gleam of rhinestones and cut glass rather than rubies and diamonds, the urge to buy, give and wear real jewelry is on the upswing. 1978 jewelry sales showed a 17-per-cent increase in the first six months of this year over last year's \$615 million. In these gloomy days of decreasing real income there seems to be a corresponding urge among Canadians to buy a real accom-

pany. Explains Brook Hills, national merchandise manager for Henry Hicks & Sons Ltd., with 34 jewelry stores across Canada, "The big increase in our market is at the lower end of the low jewelry sales—pieces ranging from a couple of hundred dollars to \$1,500. It was if all the talk about jewelry as a hedge against inflation had made people think, 'Well, if I'm going to spend a thousand dollars on anything, it may as well be an item that will still get me some kick in a few years time.'"

The mini-boom in jewelry is certainly sparking an increased interest among young Canadians in jewelry-making as a career—as well as attracting foreign craftsmen to Canada. But from the customer's point of view, the purchase of jewelry has little investment value—unless one has the skill to detect imitation (diamonds in particular) in present gems, seems to legitimize whole-sale markets, and enough

cash to buy good-sized (at least one-carat stones either loose or very simply set. Design in jewelry adds to the retail price but not the investment value. Given the skyrocketing cost of a good one-carat diamond these days—now about \$16,000—or an average three-carat ruby—about \$19,000—investing in jewelry is clearly a racket for a very limited clientele. Canadians may be seeking their educated pocketbooks by assuring themselves that spurring on pure makes economic sense, but the reason for the urge to buy jewelry prob-

ably has more to do with an urge to be in fashion and purchase something that has a lifespan a little longer than the perishable chic of clothing and coffees.

The jewelry market divides neatly into two: fashion jewelry (which is the flashy fake stuff as well as imitation good jewelry) and fine jewelry. Fashion or costume jewelry embraces the outrageous designs that are the complement to trendy clothes and high-style chic. Currently big in the fashion beat are careenous protruding combinations of rhinestones and cut glass, dangling earrings and huge paste brooches. Ten or 20 years ago the Canadian fine jewelry market was a closed preserve. Except for the rigorously enforced rule to the jewellers to choose a matched engagement and wedding band set, most purchases either fell into the little string of pearls for a wedding anniversary or the family obscure display of wealth by a few. Finally Jack Kellerg of the country trade Secret Jewellers in Toronto.

"I remember the English woman who came in demanding a heavy gold bracelet. She kept putting them on and waving her arm up in the air and insisting on a heavier bracelet. Finally, when we had loaded her down with a bracelet that must have weighed about 220 grams (today's price, about \$1,000), she waved her arm over her head and declared, 'I'll take it.' I asked her why she was waving her arm around. 'Well,' she replied, 'I'm a station fitter and I want something to strengthen my cooling arm.'"

Through such customers may well exist today, the purchasers living the counters at Secret's are of a broader-based socioeconomic class. The designs in the jewelry come include many pieces designed by employees, two of whom are young graduates of jewelry courses at Toronto's George Brown Col-



Psychologist Marano, who does a status symbol, and I'm not afraid to admit it.

lege, one of the two or three major centers in Canada teaching the art of goldsmithing and jewelry-making.

The urge to decorate oneself is as old as the human race. As jewelry-making developed it embraced every society and every social bracket in one form or another. Even those countries that eschewed obvious displays of wealth managed to compensate with a flash out of military jewelry (Vladimir's Presidential Tilt, for example, decked out in full military regalia, but wearing a protrusion left on which to drape, pin or affix another ribbon or medal). Jewelry, too, became the barometer of a society's development, flourishing best in either its careenous rather acquisitive period—such as last year's Carter-entitled gold-and-diamond coronation of Emperor Jean-Bedel Bokassa of the new Central African Empire—or in its final decadence, as in the fantastic exorcism of the great Russian jeweller Fabergé for the decaying world of the 19th-century czar.

"I can give you 30 reasons," says Toronto's York University social psychologist Charles Marano, "for the current popularity of jewelry, including the statement jewelry makes about social preference (symbols reflecting social

status or homosexuality), economic status, superstition, beauty, religious devotion, even honor and so on. But I think it's more an aspect of identification, a means of denoting one's anonymity." Professor Marano himself is something of a jewelry fan. "I have two or three medals, chains and rings and I wear my jewelry to make a statement. If I'm teaching at York I'll wear an expensive watch. When I'm travelling I'll choose a less expensive one. When I wear casual clothes I like to wear a gold chain, it says something. And I'm really pleased when someone notices my Rolex watch. It's a status symbol and I'm not afraid to admit it."

The new enthusiasm among young Canadians for a career in jewelry-making is crimped by Canada's lack of craft schools and an apprenticeship system in the European tradition. Still, such initiatives as Toronto's George Brown College and, particularly, the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design have impressive faculties that include experienced Swiss and German craftsmen. "The real problem," says teacher Christel Kleber of George Brown College, "is that young people think they can take a two-year course and go out and become prima donna in the business, when in fact it takes years to learn. And by and large the Canadian jewelry business isn't interested in



psychologist Marano, who does a status symbol, and I'm not afraid to admit it.

helping. They want us to turn out students from 10-week courses who can do one aspect of the business, polishing or ring-mounting."

All the same, Canada is home to some world-leading jewelry designers. In Vancouver, three-time winner of the De Beers' International diamond awards Tom Cawthra has been designing and selling his jewelry since 1986. Among those entering Cawthra's creations, Margi Trudew and Queen Elizabeth II. Down the street from him, adding credibility to the claim that Vancouver is the creative heart of Canada's jewelry industry, is Vancouver designer Theresa Lander, the Cawthra, Swiss-born. In Montreal, the subtle-but-on-show image of Biele is being jettied by the expensive designs of Montreuil (and Swiss-born) Peter Schuch, who is born on such every word in the virtually impossible to get Kinkadee supplies (\$40,500 for a ring) or a rhinoceros-cut golden-green natural diamond ring at \$1,600. In Toronto, the boutique diamonds of Skip Kellogg at Oliver Jewellers include a million-carat ring of life with full-cut champagne and white diamonds and also coral, bloodstone and gold modules of heavy balls "I like weight," says Kellogg, originally trained as a sculptor and artist. The draft-drafted in Canada in 1986, Kellogg's latest design piece is a set of hand-carved "owl" spoons for actress Deborah Kerr, who runs the world in search of old world jewelry. German-born Peter Cullin began his apprenticeship at age 14. Now 27, he designs for the elite de la elite of jewelry boutiques, Gabriel Luna Ltd., and works out of their Toronto store. "His work is confident," says Lucia President Jean-Claude Boudard, so he focuses on exquisite \$25,000 gold and diamond necklaces, bracelets and earrings set in diamonds in Montreal, "but we found it sold better in the Toronto market than in Montreal. The Montreal market is very slow and quality conscious. In Toronto the Anglo-Saxons look at the price before anything else." Boudard himself gives a jeweler's forecast of the prospects for Canadian jewelry. "After the election of the Progressives, business was a disaster in Quebec. But it's the last few months since July, there has been a great resurgence. We're selling important pieces again, a costly diamond yesterday for \$45,000. Fragrant watches on a duty basis. Things are getting back to normal again." Of course, "normal" depends on your point of view. Jean-Claude Boudard is the man who has the Canadian franchise on the sale of Elizabeth Taylor's diamond bangle. "It's taking \$3,500,000 Canadian. But I think it's negotiable. There have been a couple of serious offers. I think it will sell!" When business gets back to normal? ☐

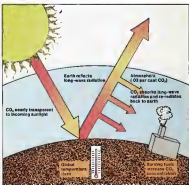
## Science

# Earth's hottest problem is nothing new on Venus

It's hell on the planet Venus. The hot, barren rocky surface glows cherry red from a thick, furnace atmosphere of 965°C (960°F)—hot enough to melt lead. Above this "hell and earth landscape," says astronomer Carl Sagan, "the clouds precipitate an acid rain that falls continuously and never pattern the surface, but instead evaporates aloft." Named, ironically, after the Roman goddess of love and beauty, this planet of purgatory would seem to hold little attraction for earthlings. Not so. Throughout most of this month a small armada of interplanetary probes, dispatched earlier this year by the United States and the Soviet Union, will be busy gathering mass information on the mysterious Venusian atmosphere. Scientists expect that these missions will give some fresh insights about our own weather and climate trends as well as tapping back the curtain on our perpetually cloud-shrouded neighbor. Researchers are anxious to discover why Earth and Venus, almost twins in size, mass, and proximity to the sun, evolved so differently. Is there any chance of

Earth becoming like its cosmic sibling? History's longest observation of Venus will, it is hoped, throw some light on the curious "greenhouse effect" which, some scientists contend, is gradually warming up Earth. Large-scale burning of fossil fuels since 1860 has created a buildup of carbon dioxide (CO<sub>2</sub>) in the atmosphere which, it has been suggested, effectively "traps" the heat of the sun thus raising the average global temperature. In the '60s, Carl Sagan, now a professor of astronomy at Cornell University, correctly predicted just such a runaway greenhouse effect was responsible for turning Venus into a hellish inferno. So even an increase of a few degrees in Earth's temperature might cause major climatic disruptions, aversions would lead to determine the relationship between high Venusian temperatures and its atmospheric composition (believed to be 97 percent CO<sub>2</sub>) compared to 35 percent on

Sketch shows how carbon dioxide helps trap heat, pushing up global temperatures. (Source: NASA)



Earth). By studying how the greenhouse effect works in the extreme, says Venus project scientist Dr. Lawrence Colin, we can better gauge our own future. "If we put it [to our atmosphere] more and more CO<sub>2</sub>, as man seems to be doing, we should be able to predict how much our surface temperature will rise over the coming years, decades and centuries."

In the U.S., teams of investigators have already started analyzing the meads of data radiated back by the two unmanned spacecraft that began operations following the Dec. 4 encounter of Pioneer Venus 1. For eight months this instrument-packed explorer will map the planet's terrain by bouncing radar signals off its surface and mapping the "features." It is hoped the orbiting craft will also clear up the mystery surrounding the apparent absence of water on the planet. (Did Venus ever have any? Or, did it sear its response into space?)

The writer's companion on this \$10-million expedition completed its second but important mission on Dec. 9. Pioneer Venus II consisted of a "mother ship" and four smaller probes, all of which ended their lives after a one-hour intensive plunge through the planet's atmosphere. Throughout their descent the probes flashed back information on temperatures, densities, composition, and wind speeds of the Venusian atmosphere. From the outer limits where the winds sweep just at 200 miles per hour, the instruments "peered off" through diamond and sapphire windows that protected them from searing heat, sulphuric acid, and the crushing atmospheric pressure 96 times greater than Earth's.

Joining their American counterparts just about now, the two Soviet Venus spacecrafts are expected to conduct similar investigations with one major difference: unlike the crash-landing of the U.S. probes, the Russian craft will make a "soft" landing and take photographs of the rocky landscape.

The results from this month's scientific assault on Venus, matched with the findings from the 13 previous missions (10 from the U.S.R.S., three from the U.S.) should give meteorologists a clearer picture of our own weather. According to climate specialist Professor Robert Pielke of the University of Western Ontario, predicting global climate trends is still a relatively unmet business. Greenhouse warming on Earth is far from a mad-and-dread theory. The question lingers on whether or not the atmosphere is a stable or unstable system. "If it is stable," he says, "then a slight change won't matter too much, and it will go back to where it was. If it is unstable, of course, a slight change is a disaster."



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## Day of the pods

INVASION OF THE BODY SLATCHERS  
Directed by Philip Kaufman

Version of the Body Slatchers, a remake of the 1966 classic, is the ultimate urban horror story—a nightmare vision of automation and war. The post-apocalyptic population of San Francisco, whose bodies are being taken over by a fever from outer space through pods that reproduce spore, embryo and duplicate of them, walk with shoulders slumped, their emotions rendered inert. They live by, holding these pods of preservation in their areas, afflicted with a Legionnaire's disease of the spirit, ready to conform on survivors by muting their volitions. The four survivors under siege—two health department employees (Donald Sutherland and Brooke Adams) and a poet and his nurse-maid (Jeff Goldblum and Vanessa Cartright)—exist in the shadow world, terrified, knowing that the minute they sleep their life on the living dead.

In *Body Slatchers*—an extended, vicious chase movie—the director, Philip Kaufman (The Great Northfield Massacre) finally comes into his own with amazing audacity. He plots climax on top of climax, keeps the horror moving, and just when you think he has pulled off his final dunder, there's another one, and more after that. His movie-making, the Brian De Palma's, is a supreme triumph of style over subject—killers on grandiose hype. No other movie this year has looked quite like it (De Palma's *The Fury* comes closest). Michael Chapman's camera explores every possible play of light (in each frame, the night scenes that take up most of the movie are lit with steady halos and heavy vistas). The glare keeps growing as the grand finale edges unashamedly closer

and San Francisco is bathed in an unrelenting steady blue light. The screen shimmers with unsettling intensity, imbuing the ordinary with the unnatural.

Great horror movies turn the propitious (and free state devoid of any human drama) plausible. Anything can happen. The depth of the cinematography in *Body Slatchers* is part of its suggestive power, something will slip into or out of the shadow in the background and you'll never exactly see what it might be. Each image works as a threat, the movie by dramatic design—panoramas of sound in the scene as the pods' tendrils inch closer, the tilted architecture, the heavily charged, slummy atmosphere—and makes the imaginative leap that the *Body Slatchers* plot twists couldn't by themselves. Kaufman keeps you fixating in your seat for the five-hour, squinting for the next, ending of all ends.

*Body Slatchers* brings you to the point of no return (one of its most horrifying moments is a look at one of the mutants produced by the pods) and it plays on the subconscious fear of losing your mind, the survivors, the non-members, are literally in danger of doing just that. A different kind of night terror, it drags your shadow in to the surface where, uncovered, it just waits away.

## Superlunk

DISPATCHMAN  
Directed by Richard Donner

Proof of the fact that money can buy *Superman*, heralded as a kind of Second Coming with advanced acrobatics to match Christ's, is a possible endorsement. The long-awaited flying sequence work (if you can't see the wings, but they aren't hidden with much grace or rhythmic energy, when *Superman* takes Lex Luthor for an exer-

**Superlunk catches Adams (left), Powers (right) riding the shipy above. (Photo below)**

cise over Metropolis it's like a Cruise ride. The movie manages as tragic Richard Donner doesn't bring the imaginative vision to the material that a director like Steven Spielberg might have. The superhero's arrival from Krypton is a motor (the movie is a special effects extravaganza, yet we don't see the motor landing) his no wonder in it and Geoffrey Unsworth's images are big and behemoth, not anxious. It's a sign that killed the boat.

Featuring the longest credit list ever compiled, *Superman* isn't a movie—it's a catalogue, mostly of disaster movies. Krypton exploding, lots in a helicopter hunting of a skydiver, a train about to be derailed, an airplane using its engine, and the *Boat* day. *Boat* day. The plot (part of) pits Lex Luthor (Gene Hackman) and his henchpeople (Valerie Perrine and Neil Patrick Harris) against the Man of Steel, with Luthor redressing nuclear warheads to land at the San Andreas Fault, producing all the peril. Performances are little more than appearances as the Kryptonians, Terence Stamp, Maria Schell, Trevor Howard and Susan's York are walk-ons. And *Superman*'s father, in a \$5-million performance that is more like 10 cents a glance John Barry's sets for Krypton are virtually the same as those he did for *Star Wars*, Luthor's underground lair little different from the villain's hideaway in *7's* *Batman*.

Beyond and below everything else in the script, which nearly everyone and his mother has worked on. A lot of the fun—and there is a lot of fun in the movie—on speed by the attitude taken to *Superman* by the movie-makers. It's not created in a mere object, and he's not played straight, either—he's an

andreae greets his buster, "I never drink when I'm flying," he tells Lou. Lulu and Andrea leave her ride, says,

he can't hold a bottle of Maurice to Lily Tulin as the music of the March "Oh, Strip," she keeps moaning. Heat in record time use of the great camp lines of all time.

**Moment by Moment**, basically a two-character movie, was shot in Pasadena, Calif. like those *Strip and Trivia*. Flash their teeth in joy at one another or tease up another tear from those miracle springs.



"What a super snap." Ah how. As *Superman* himself, Christopher Reeve is a gifted comedian and Margot Kidder's a witty, sexy, womanizer Lou. Only one scene has that trademark over the scenes and scenes in it that draws us to witness the big, lovable, dashing lack of acting around the earth at an superman speed that he turns back time and saves Lou's life. Otherwise, there's no real fight. No special effects. Just small, technological scenes. In a way, *Superman* never really leaves Earthly life.

## Sometimes when we touch...

**MOMENT BY MOMENT**  
Directed by Jane Wagner

U he dialogue in *Moment by Moment* has an edge as *King of Night* and you sit there again that anyone could have strong together that many beautiful in a row. Sometimes I feel that it's all been a waste," says Trivia. Ravings (Lily Tulin), a bored California man shout to be divorced from her rich husband and who is tired of making herself all day and giving white wine. She has a moment, drives her Mercedes around, around and is so bright she's barely breathing. Along comes Strip (John, Strip) who is a leader and a runaway and who is also John Travolta. He opens up the venetian blinds to her heart. "Yes, I love you in bed," she tells him. "Then you don't love me out of bed," he replies with a smile. There are smiles moment by moment. Travolta looks back his head, does a swift turn away from the camera, then returns to face it, eyes brimming with tears. But

it's like Godalla and Hanks having an encounter on an encounter scene. Written and directed by Tom, his longtime assistant, Jane Wagner, *Moment by Moment* is quite possibly the most embarrassing and unintentionally funny film since *At Long Last Love*. Strip and Trivia have so many feelings and so much going around them. It's all very intense. Maybe if they got out of the house a little? Maybe. The up problem you know. Why is Lily Tulin taking seriously the same material she plays seriously as a comedienne? And how can you have a serious love scene when one of the partners keep on pouring, softly, "Oh, Strip?"

**SAME THE NEXT YEAR**  
Directed by Robert Mulligan

U Bernard Shale's top play, *George* (Alan Alda) and Doris (Ellen Burstyn) have a one-night affair in 1951 and keep returning on the day once a year thereafter—for 36 years. They laugh a lot, cry as much, have terrible sex, trade cruelties, and watch each other grow old. It's the perfect romantic fantasy love and companionship without the attention of "real" life. Between trysts their attitudes are slowly, even movingly altered, but everything is reduced to jokes and emotional reversals.

The movie goes even further than the play's insights, bridging the five-year period between the meetings are collages of photographs, from *Howdy Doody* to Vietnam, and, like the songs in *Coming Home*, they bring back the recent. Five-year past in formality that the audience begins to weep.

It's so empathetic, but one of the secret, great pleasures of going to movies has always been enjoying the working-out you get. *Some Time, Next Year* grows it to you in Shale. The jokes are cruel, the contrivances arch, and the direction usually "blacking out" scenes. Burstyn and Alda respond to the verbal and visual warmth George and Doris receive their gifts, their transients and even Bernard Shale.



Then, *Next Year* is a lovely film, but a better movie—what you get is what you bring to it.

## Drab violins

**KING OF THE GYPSIES**  
Directed by Frank Pincus

Y you think you got problems? What if you've been a gypsy and your name is Dave (Eric Roberts) and your father (Judd Hirsch) beats up on you and your mother (Doris Stenlund) and forces your sister (Brooke Shields) into an adolescent marriage? And what if your gypsy (Ravings Hagard, king of all the gypsies in New York, wants to pass down his power to you, and you don't want it? What if your grandfather is Shelley Winters? If you are having a miserable time this Christmas, or if you're giving to misery in general, *King of the Gypsies* is for you. You'll feel better, nobody, not even you, is as miserable as Dave.

In the hands of an artist, say Coppola, Scorsese or Berglund, Peter Mink's book could have been a sensational

movie—a richly textured narrative berring with feeling for an unachieved way of life, tackling the tension that he is too busy to live. But former screenwriter Pincus (*Top Gun* Afternoon), later, but not late enough, a director as well (*A Star Is Born*), can't handle simple crowd scenes, much less handle the range and incident of Mink's epic story. His idea of directing scenes is to arrange them, inform his actors as to "motivation," then let them Nyctalis create their City with his top films. *King of the Gypsies* is one of the largest-sized, seemingly longest, episodes, totally unconvincing movies featuring Shelley Winters.

Dave, the (Hirsch) taught by real-life feelings of freedom and loyalty to his gypsy roots, for a young Robert de Niro. But Eric Roberts, where did they get him? A dynamic comic, adieu will dip it has got. Several running games, however, are shattered. On Brooke Shields, she's No. What is the new King of the People? But did Judd Hirsch Will Shelley Hagard ever live down his patriarch image from 1960? Apparently.



not. If you make a movie about gypsies do you have to marry always have with names and dialogue? Apparently so. What is logic, makes a pipe, wears a bandanna, whines a lot, and is described in this movie as "a wreck" Shelley Winters.

## The pursuit of haplessness

**CALIFORNIA SUITE**  
Directed by Herbert Ross

U the stage, Neil Simon's *California Suite* was a series of extended vignettes, brief playlets about different and differing couples at a

weekend L.A. hotel—designed for sufferers of Clipped Attention Span. The director, Herbert Ross (*The Goodbye Girl*), has cross-cut from story to story, but his editing techniques are slow and without surprise, too easily labored for slapstick. But he's a decent craftsman and he has tried to humanize some of the material. In one segment, Jane Fonda, a sharp Newmarket editor, flies back to the Coast to retrieve her runaway daughter from her ex-husband (Alan Alda). In another, a British actress (Maggie Smith) arrives to attend the Oscars with her husband (Michael Caine). These show Neil Ross in a new phase. It could be called *Badinage* and *Badinage* says to contain while unhooking all the left—new in the cinema followed by Ross in the *Classics* Ross's responses to people have, by now, been so programmed for the cheap shot that nothing Ross does can veil the smugness—it's all slick as a piece of Vaseline.

If, however, you think Jane Fonda is the most interesting America actress around, or that Maggie Smith in her British counterpart, *California Suite* is worth some close-up-building. Smith, her hands clanking the wind ferns, is not a yep. All put up in a new gown, she embarks from the bathroom covered she has a lump on her shoulder. Her support already go to work at once. "I paid \$400 for this and I look like this." The Richard.



Bill. Carping on Caine's behavior at dinner, she snags happily. "You did everything but kiss my arsehole!" There isn't an actress alive who can make one basic routine so consistently entertaining. Fonda, a smashing 60, bristles with nerve, her hair has edge. Arresting the development of the movies, Ross's worst he has so mysteriously found never here, she

movie heads for the pursuit of haplessness as two lesser segments. One deals with accident-prone vacationers from Chicago (Richard Pryor, Bill Cosby) and two actresses head for oblivion; another finds a long-over husband (Walter Matthau) waking up with a call girl as his wife (Shirley MacLaine) arrives. And both are gets-a-little-dicks.

## Every which way but lucid

**EVERY WHICH WAY BUT LUCID**  
Directed by James Fargo

U first *Katmandu* is a mess neither of its mother, *Bar* Gordon, in a mess neither, too (probably the most foul-mouthed, outrageous series around). *Clint's* oddball as he brightens it across the Southwest after *Sopranos*. *Locke* is an enigma, who beats Clint up. *Clint* beats everybody else up. Lots of raw scenes. *Kisses* fight. A hard-hat's heaven.

## Sad violins

**CLINT'S STORY**  
Directed by James Fargo

U all bad. When we last saw *Clint*, in *Locke* story, she was dying rather sweetly; this time she's being tortured. One hopes for good. Determined to live on the memory of his, Oliver (Ryan O'Neal) is actually secure with his needs. *Warner Bros.* (Doris Bergen) whose hair is lovely. Despite his money, Oliver has become a reform-minded lawyer. He and *Murder* have conflicting ideas on class. They part. He orders to "play back into life." Director Karty.



does everything but stage a tap routine to make the movie interesting. If only somebody would plug *Ernst* back stage somewhere.

## In the language of children and fantasy, the myths, truths and prospects of a nation

By Alan Follinbright

Who has the copyrights cannot accomplish, the criteria may yet achieve. What might say early—in political striped goose landed down with prosperity—you are allowed to get away with in children's language and yet caricature. How do you explain the patterns of Shirley Barker and Roy Peterson? Where do they get the theme to go around calling French Canadians "Inns"? What would get them a punch in the mouth in the beer parlors gets them on the beer seller but not the artist. The safest way to defeat anger is to insult every body. If you have any luck, they'll start to punch one another.

The problem under discussion at the stopper of the Christmas book list, a tiny little number all of 44 pages long, is called *Swamp Song* and it requires all residents of the Swamp, aka Canada, to the primitive mammals one found only in Matt Kelly's *Pagan Fantasies*. Barker, it should be pointed, is a refugee from a stylish and moored Vancouver family who was a CBC foreign correspondent before becoming the heretofore dispenser of *The Swamp Newsweek*, then a crusader in Baffin and now resides largely on an architecturally designed houseboat with his pet slapping holes in the Canadian poppies below. Peterson is the brilliant Vancouver then cartoonist who has twice won the National Newspaper Award for Editorial Cartoons and is as wicked with his brush as the dreadful Barker follow in with his typewriter. They write for the delirious in images that would only appear when a book that talks about a country made up of "Inns" and "beavers" starts to get national attention, we must be doing something right.

These two have been poking at the national issue in that book now over the past few years and *Swamp Song* has finally lured its way into national attention. *The Window Bar* has evoked comparisons with Swift. The first three books have sold more than 100,000 copies.

The real difficulty is dealing with these two men, who have no respect, is that one is tempted to treat them lightly. After all, they get away with things that serious writers such as myself would be mad for. There is William Lynn Mackenzie King, founder of the Gilded Party. There are the Civil Servants as opposed to the lovely Servant Servants, not to be confused with the Beavers, so-called because of their ability to make progress while going sideways. Prior E. Waterhole cannot understand why the Swamp is not



swamp. Had he not given two billion dollars to Keith Spagy to teach the Swamp to speak Frog? Was it his fault if the idiot Beavers could not learn? And why weren't the Frogs grateful anyway?

There are the ghosts of cabinet posts who appear to help poor Prime Minister Waterhole. There is Sir Charles Topple, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Robert Borden, Arthur Meen, E. B. Rands. There is John Kenneth Caldwell, there's the greatest master of Ego-Nomies. Not to mention Sir Keith Spagy and that famous Gilded Thinker, the Casko-think Conference. Premier Peter Longwood gets his, plus the Unity Task Force and the capital of Nattalid.

That's not what I mean. What bothers is that nagging suspicion of more than a touch of precociousness to the Barker-Peterson mischief. In their 1992 book, *Frog Fables and Beaver Tales*, they laid out the groundwork for the Parti Québécois victory there was René Lévesque down at the Frog end of the

Swamp. Above all, read the Beavers, we both the dam which benefits the Frogs so much. "They should be grateful!" Barker, in that little bubble two years ago, now what Keith Spagy and the Liberals now admit the bilingualism program would be a flop. "Be the Beavers, this point is all things, tried to learn the Frog language." They took long hours off from their important work on the dam and cutting down trees and running the Swamp. But they couldn't talk Frog."

Prior Waterhole, in the meantime, went about the Swamp knowing girl Beavers and saying, "The Swamp is strong." Peterson—this is five years ago now—had no answer for a frog fighting a firecracker under a beaver's tail. Their 1994 effort, *The Day of the Glorious Revolution*, in which famous journalists such as Pierre Boudre (author of *The Day Monthly*, *The Last Day*, etc.), Gordon Carverhead, who lived to rub people the wrong way, decide to take over the Swamp from the Beavers and the Frogs, was a little too far for common consumption. John Dehnbauer, an always, failed through, as did Charles Gynch of the Deposed Gallery and the famous Bar Shali McQueen.

The 1996 effort, *Blood, Sweat and Tears*, represented our sacred mission of today via the U.S.S.R.-Canada screenplay Fossil Speil.

What bothers is that the Barker-Peterson Christmas industry has forever in your minds the rise of separatism, the failure of the Beavers to learn Frog, the demise of Chief Eagle's Swamp, and the day when hockey teams of both the Beavers and the Bears will be brought by the Canada's Only problem is that in *Swamp Song*, Joe Hoon, the Befuddled One, makes his first appearance, knowing of course it is all the fault of Prior Waterhole, but is equally uncertain as to what to do about it.

"Waterhole is wallowing," he told the animals, "select me and I'll think of something." Don't bet against these guys.



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